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Vol. CLXIV No. 2140 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JANUARY 25 1941

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Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,
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(*Translated from Gray's 'Luna Habitabilis', Cambridge* 1737)

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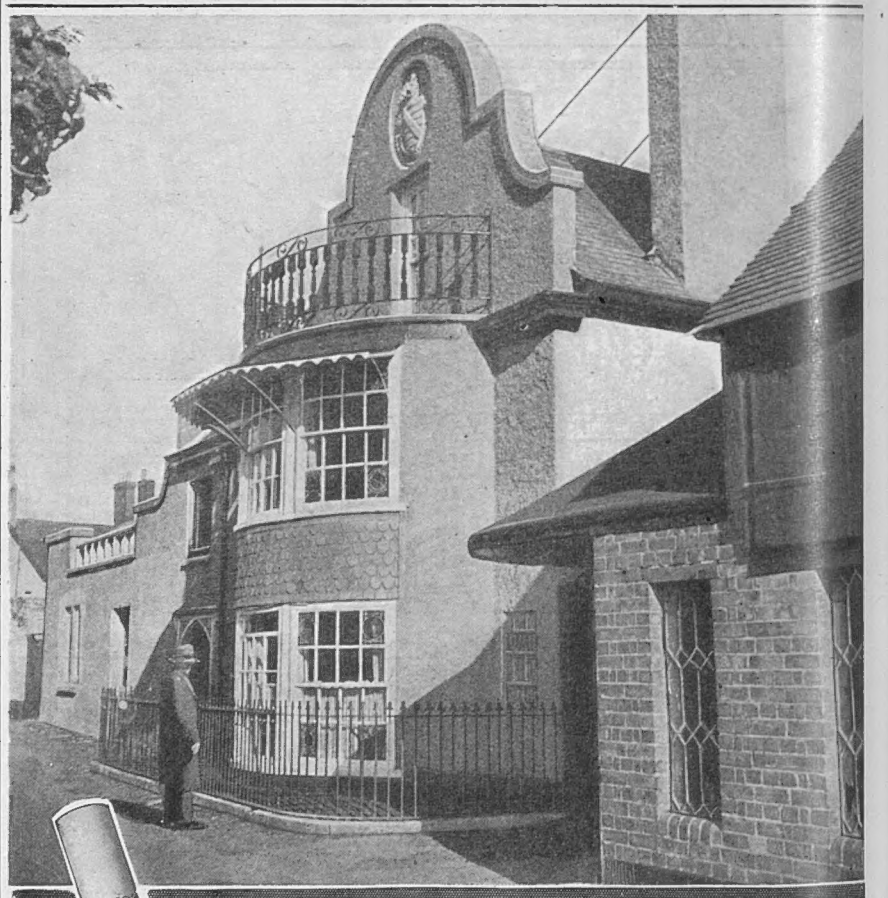

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The SPHERE, London, January 25, 1941

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

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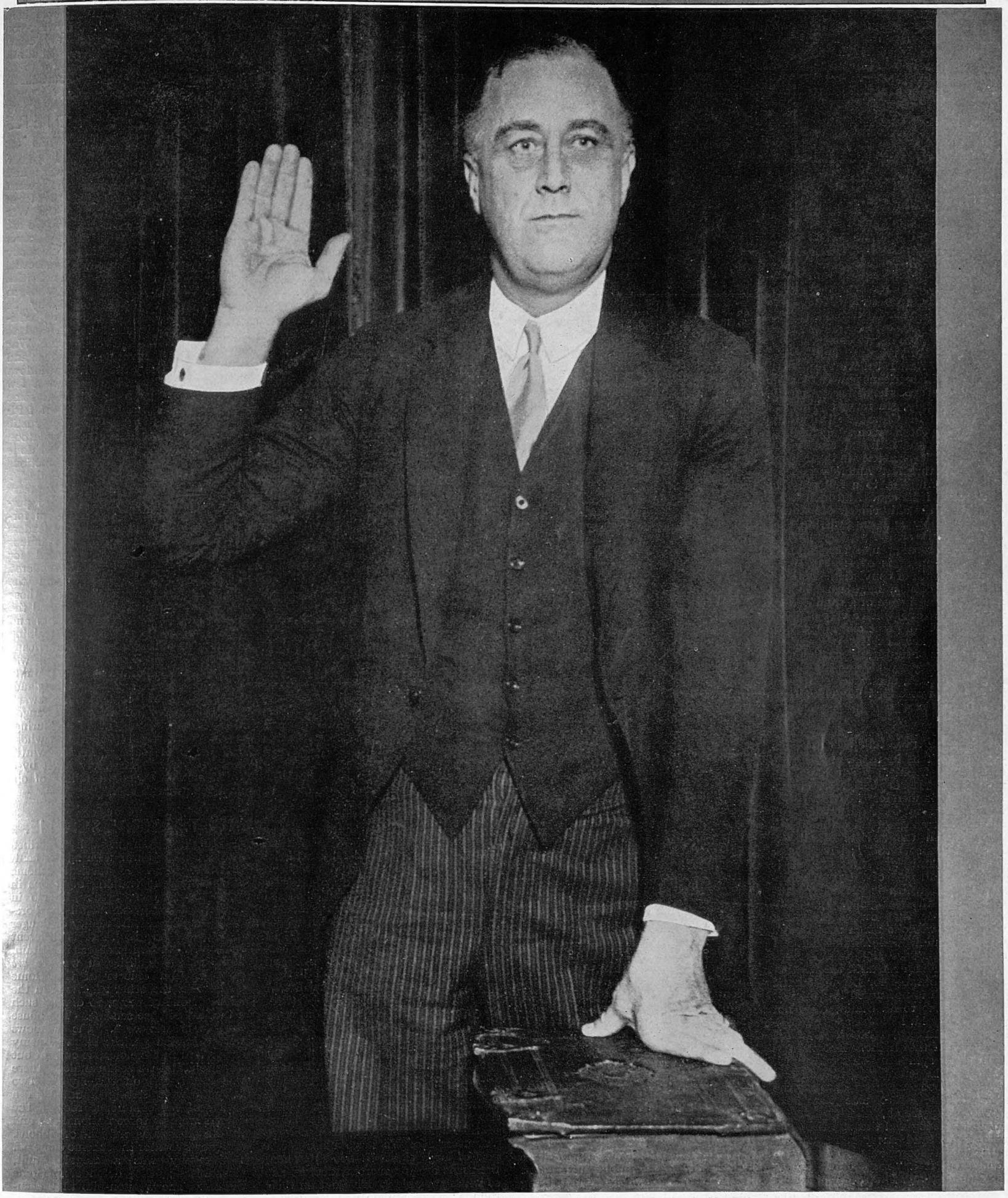

THE FIRST THIRD-TERM PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT TAKES THE OATH

On Monday last, at the Capitol in Washington, Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt took the Oath of Office as President of the United States for the third time—thus making world history, for never before has one man guided the destinies of the great American nation for such a long period. Always an event of the most portentous significance, this time the ceremony took on an added solemnity in view of present world events and of the attitude of the United States towards them. At the Capitol, beneath the lofty white dome surmounted by the statue of Freedom, and in full view of 100,000 spectators, President Roosevelt placed his left hand on the 200-years-old Roosevelt family Bible and with upraised right hand took the oath to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution." His subsequent ringing speech was heard throughout the world. The picture we reproduce here was taken at the identical ceremony in 1937, when President Roosevelt took office at the beginning of his Second Term

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 73

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4.

THE PRESIDENT SPOKE PLAIN.—

Mr. Roosevelt in his first address to Congress can have left no further room for doubt in any mind (even the Nazi mind) as to what is in his heart on the burning question of the hour. I have read verbatim reports of his chief speeches, on the subject of aid to the democracies, addressed to the world, to the American nation, and to Congress. Reading those reports, one found his utterances clear enough and growing clearer and more trenchant with each speech. But to know what is in a speaker's heart, one must hear his voice (and a radio voice is better than none). Those recorded sentences of his Congress address left me in no doubt that, so far as the President could do it, Britain should ask in vain for nothing which America could make, sell, loan or give her to ensure the defeat of tyranny and paganism. And I believe the vast bulk of Americans now think as he does and will act as he wishes, promptly, whole-heartedly, generously. This was the voice of the Crusader all right, the man raising the fiery cross against evil and vileness and filth and cruelty and lust. He believes utterly in the dangers that now threaten America and he will wake America to a full sense of her danger, if he can. And he is in no doubt that the only chance of assuring safety is, now and onwards, to arm Britain and arm America, pooling resources, scorning nice accountancy, until the danger is over. He spoke from the depth of conviction. Perhaps at the back of his mind, in some hidden recess, was an image of a summer day a year or two ago, when a very eminent young couple of great charm sat with him on the lawn at Hyde Park, and the talk was of simple, domestic happy things of everyday life—as life should be. The wisest, shrewdest statesman is none the worse for being chivalrous, even romantic.

THE FIRST PICTURE OF BRITISH PRISONERS-OF-WAR IN ITALY: This interesting picture has just been received in London by a roundabout route from Rome. It is the first to be received here of British prisoners in Italy; these men are at present in an internment camp in central Italy—they are stated to belong to the Air Force and the Navy

SIR STAFFORD'S SHOES.

—I wouldn't be in them. Mercifully, they don't fit me. I am happy in mediocrity. It is better to be a Platoon Commander in the Home Guard than to be Ambassador and Envoy Extraordinary to the Backstairs of All the Soviets of all the Russias. Or so I think; but perhaps I am squeamish. No doubt it is necessary; all part of the great diplomatic game which is played concurrently with the war game. It is only my ignorance that makes me think we play it without much success and with an infinity of humiliation. I could wish that we could draw stumps with the Russian XI until the weather is more favourable for the diplomatic game, which is not much like cricket. I do not take to M. Stalin, I am not won over by M. Molotoff's eager, donlike face. Indeed, I like it less than the bottle of that name. But perhaps I waste my sympathy on Sir Stafford. It may be he is enjoying himself and playing a good innings; I dare say the score of the other side has been grossly exaggerated, and that, with snicks to the leg and through the slips, with extras and short runs, we are piling up a score ourselves. But I cannot call it a "respectable score," any more than I can comfortably apply the word "cricket" to this long-drawn-out Test Match, which has become such depressing reading. Indeed, when I look back on our relations with Russia over the past few years, I seek in vain for any parallel to British diplomatic humiliation and failure. We have never known what we wanted to achieve, nor how to achieve it. We have snubbed and wooed, blown hot and cold, humbled ourselves and offered moral censure, and changed our minds a dozen times. The opportunism of our approaches must be as plain to Stalin and Molotoff as are those of Germany, and, if Stalin hates us a little less than the Nazis, he fears us less and despises us consequently the more. There is nothing hid that could add to the humiliation of the business or to its bald and stark opportunism. But, as I say, it is perhaps necessary, and Sir Stafford may be absorbed in the chess-board problem. I doubt if Stalin is yet gaining any ground in Britain. I feel no immediate anxiety concerning the activities of his supporters over here.

SHIPPING LOSS DECLINES.

—If a man budgets to spend £1,000 a year and finds that his total expenditure has been but £700, his first thought is that he has been made a present of £300, a pure gift. Afterwards, he may go into the reasons, which may a little reduce his sense of good fortune. When we heard in three successive months of considerable declines from the average shipping losses by enemy action, we were entitled to do ditto—to thank heaven for a welcome bonus of 60,000 or more tons of vital shipping virtually handed to us, a month or more of potential loss in hand. Afterwards, we examined the causes of the decline. We admit the weather, bad for flying and for submarine and surface craft. We hope and believe our pounding of Brest and Lorient, and near-by aerodromes and plane bases, assisted in the good work, for clearly the air and naval authorities know better than we why it is better to bomb France than Germany and to take reprisal on oil reserves and docks than on Berlin. And we take note that already it has been possible to strengthen the convoy escorts with more warships and new "anti" devices. Bad weeks will return. Meanwhile we are entitled to hope that we have once more made progress in scotching this recurrent snake, that ever rears its bruised head again, to strangle our sea-borne trade.

MR. RAMSBOTHAM'S LOGIC.

—No one should be too particular in criticising a Minister's lighter flights in public utterances. It is hard enough to avoid being ponderous and boring these days, as Mr. Duff Cooper's listeners are probably discovering. Yet I was surprised that no one called Mr. Ramsbotham to account for a recent speech at Birmingham. The President of the Board of Education (and member of our Government, which even now is hatching its peace aims) gave three reasons why we should not retaliate by bombing German schools. (1) He would be sorry that civilised people should be reduced to quasi-savages. (2) Schools were not military objectives and we, therefore, avoided them. (3) The Nazi education is so debasing the German character and blunting the intelligence of the German youth that *in our own interest it would be a pity to interfere with the continuance of the process.* (Italics mine; opinion apparently the Minister's own.) It is a startling opinion, if we consider it coolly. Is this process of benefit to the restoration of a decent order in Europe, and so considered by a Government now preparing its peace aims? If so we are back to 1919. I agree we cannot arrest the process by bombing German schools, but we are wrong to declare, even lightly, that Nazi education is to *our* benefit.

PLEASURES OF ANTICIPATION.

—It gives me a little pleasure in the way of business to write an article which I know will not see *the light of day* (an odd expression in a "summer-time," blacked-out, early winter) for some time to come. When these words are in print (I say to myself), conditions now present *may* not appear so drab. There is hope in that thought—and comfort in present, trivial discomfort. Thus, without grousing and with a small ration of philosophy and humour, I record the facts that, at the time of writing, at 10.15 a.m. by artificial light on a mid-January morning, one child of mine is in the throes of measles, one in the middle of tonsillitis, one in the later stage of chicken-pox; the housemaid has left and no substitute has been found; the electric-light engine has given up work, the coal and coke are fast running out and there is no more in sight. I have a full week's work as a journalist, I have a long book to shepherd (with war handicaps) to publication in early spring and, so active has become the Home Guard, I must also find thirty hours per week of spare (?) time for the duties which devolve on a Platoon Commander with a large and sparsely inhabited rural area. (What do they know of Loamshire who only Whitehall know? It may take three hours of time and car-driving to exchange Volunteer Hodge's large nines for a pair of large eights in boots.) Then, the roads are treacherous, doctors not so willing or able to drive out on their rounds; there are no oranges or fish or offals to be obtained, as requisite for sick children, and the local telephone junction is perpetually engaged. But . . . when this article sees print, how favourably may conditions have altered! We shall be near the end of the month when illness and cold weather are at their peak. We shall have gained more daylight. Snowdrops will be peeping, thrushes chuckling on favourable mornings, pigeons thinking of nesting. The children *may* be over the worst, spring may any morning be in the air. True, February can be damned cold, February is 'flu month, February can be vile and so can March. But February is a short month, and March leads to April, when "the elm-tree bole is in tiny leaf." . . . Anyway, you note and approve my effort towards philosophy, and admit the profit and pleasure to be derived from this journalistic game of anticipation?

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE.

—While War Ministers come and go, a splendid record of work and achievement has in the present war been achieved in the face of vast difficulties by the War Office and the Army. We are working up to a stage never before reached in the efficiency and equipment, intellectual and material, of the British Army. If in the face of so much merit, one may be allowed a half-chaffing criticism, it shall be directed to that ancient charge of War Office devotion to eyewash and the nicely-dressed shopwindow. There are still at Headquarters a few old soldiers who never die, and some of their ineradicable articles of faith trickle down even to the rustic "offices" of Home Guard platoon leaders. Much has of late been done to equip, and to clarify the functions of, the Home Guard. But—this I know to be true—the rural volunteers will not, *ipso facto*, advance to perfection in training by the mere forwarding upwards from platoon leaders of "a tabulated syllabus of indoor and outdoor training proposed for the ensuing months, to be rendered punctually to Batt. H.Q. on the 25th of each month." Only those who have faced the black-out and the mud, and endured the draughts and darkness of those rural "training centres"—old barns lit by hurricane lamps, old scout-huts, and so on—will have any notion of what winter training really means in *really* rural England. Only those will realise the eyewash and absurdity of any prearranged syllabus for those much-enduring, overworked, unpaid volunteers, whose few hours of training in any winter month may be completely upset by a freak of weather, or a failure of oil, or a leak in the roof.

THE TACTICAL SCHEME.—

Hunting has been classically described as the image of war with 25 per cent. of its danger. A tactical scheme devised for the training of troops in peace or in back areas hitherto in my experience possessed all the boredom and none of the reality or danger of war (or hunting). It is different now, even in reception areas in Britain. Some of the realities of warfare *are* present. Ten officers of the Home Guard met the other afternoon in the house of one of them, to discuss such a tactical defence scheme. The house itself was war-worn. The windows were defended against blast. Enemy action had put the electric current out of action, and we used candles. There was a dug-out on the lawn. Two refugees were sitting huddled in a corner of the conference room. The officers were of three nationalities and wore a strange assortment of ribbons. A day or two later the scheme came off. The enemy was a Regular unit, mechanised; the defenders, Home Guards. The weapon-pits they occupied were highly finished modern products. There were craters near them, provided by the bombs of a "real" enemy. As the "blank" popped off, and the rattles were sprung to assist the umpires, "real" enemy planes could be seen in the sky, and away over the hills "real" bombs reverberated. It was a useful scheme—and quite remarkable for a realism new to tactical schemes. Next week, next month, perhaps, the lessons learned will bear fruit. Perhaps not.

THE OLD STAGER

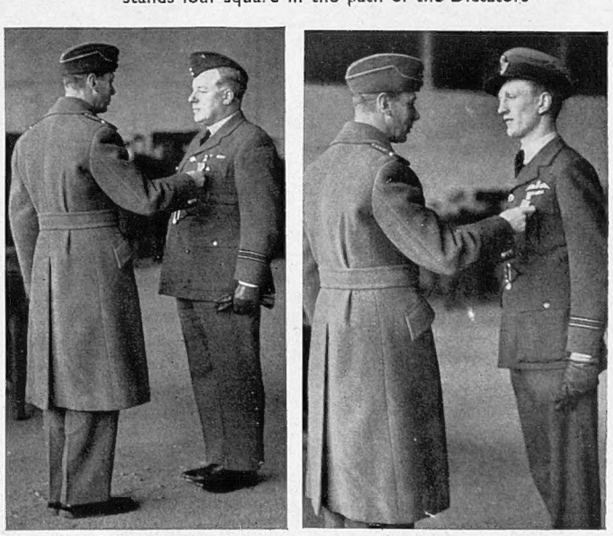
The MEN on WHOM the NATION DEPENDS

THE PREMIER SPEAKS TO THE DOCKYARD WORKERS: Mr. Winston Churchill recently paid a visit to the North, where his programme included visits to various naval units. With him was Mr. Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's special envoy to this country

H THE LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW: The Premier's tour also included a visit to Glasgow, where he inspected the Civic Defence Organisation. Besides Mr. Churchill, this group includes Mrs. Churchill, Lord Provost F. J. Dollan, and Mr. Harry Hopkins

SEEING CONDITIONS IN THE SHIPYARDS FOR HIMSELF: The Prime Minister being conducted through a Northern dockyard. At the close of his tour, Mr. Churchill, in a speech, reaffirmed his conviction that Britain's victory would be decisive, as this country stands four-square in the path of the Dictators

HONOURING THE HEROES OF THE SKIES: Their Majesties the King and Queen last week visited a Royal Air Force station and conferred honours and decorations on a number of R.A.F. personnel. The King is seen in this picture congratulating Flying-Officer D. S. G. Honor, on whom was conferred the D.F.C.



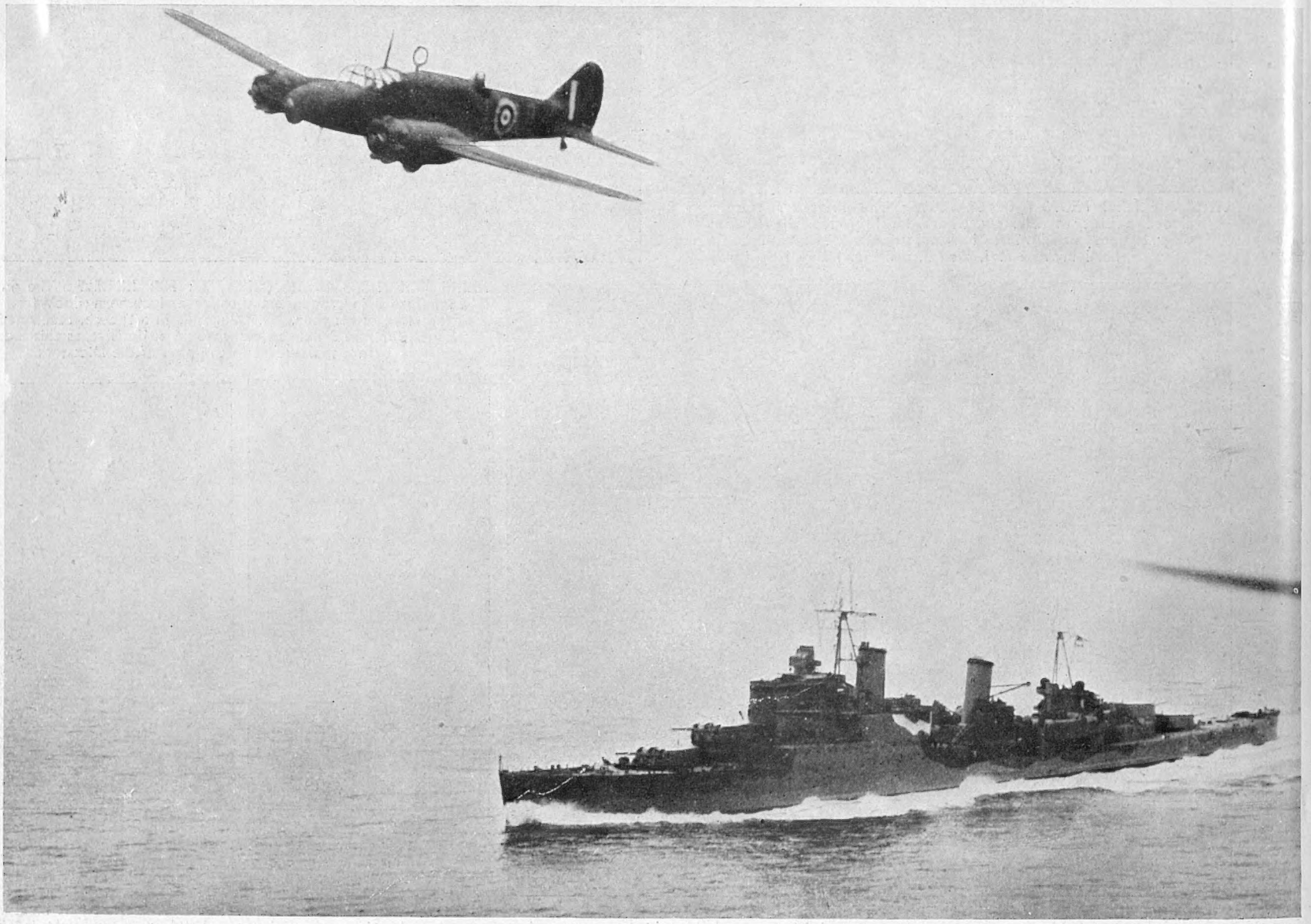
FOR SERVICES RENDERED: The R.A.F. still continue to give the enemy an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth with interest. Invasion ports, oil refineries and shipyards are all being subjected to terrific onslaughts. As each day passes, the list of R.A.F. successes steadily mounts, bringing with it its heroes, whose bravery was never surpassed. In the picture *on the left* is Flight Lieutenant H. P. Matthews, receiving the M.B.E.; *on the right* is Flight Lieutenant Allard, on whom was conferred the D.F.C. and Bar to the D.F.M.

34,000,000 MILES FLOWN BY THE COASTAL COMMAND IN 1940

A Wonderful Record of Co-operation Between the R.A.F. and the Royal Navy Above the British Seas

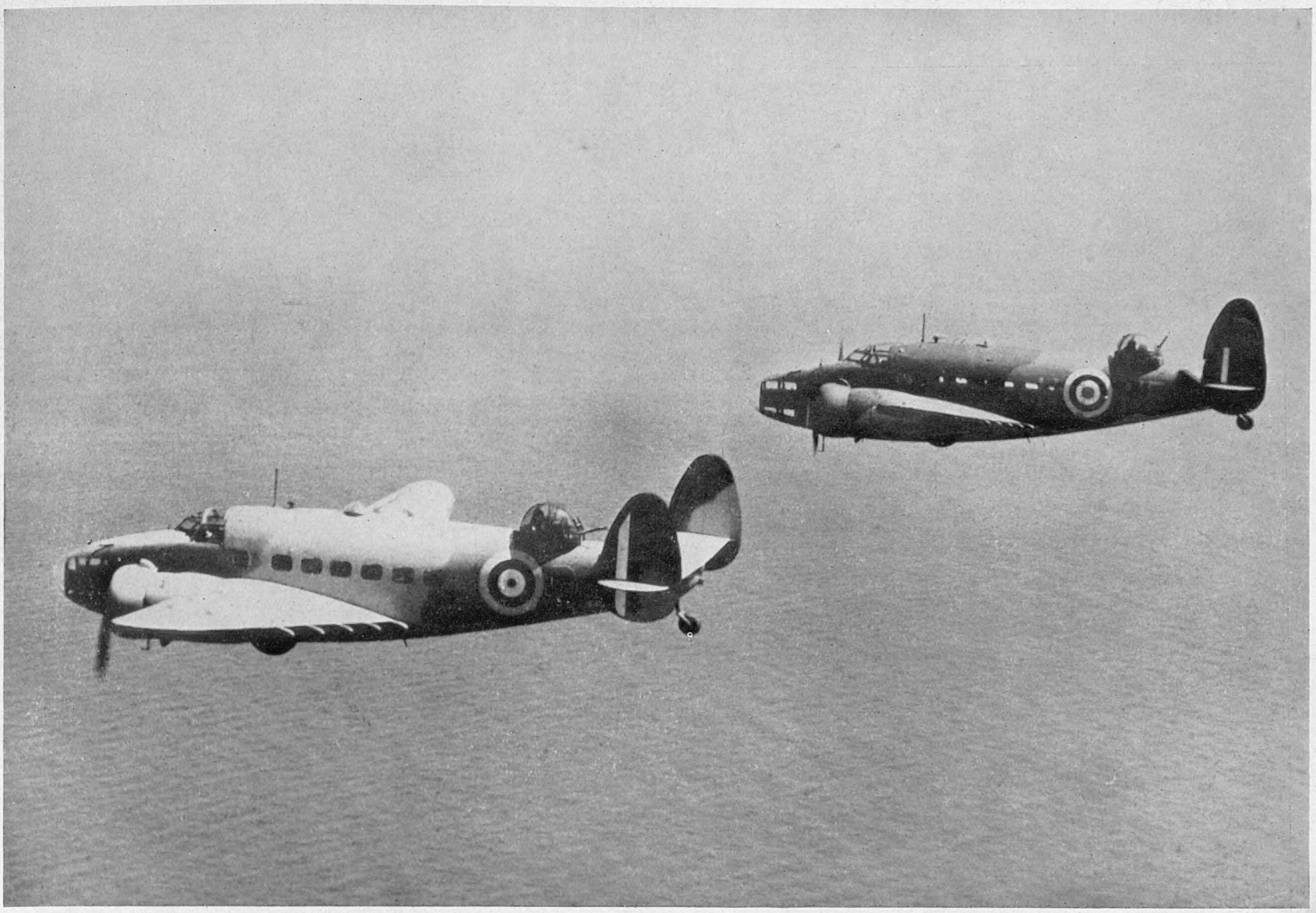
A SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT COMES DOWN LOW OVER THE ATLANTIC IN FRONT OF A CONVOY, TO EXAMINE A SPOT WHERE U-BOATS MAY BE LURKING

The massive proportions of the aircraft may easily be visualised by a comparison with the size of the airmen at the upper fuselage gun-hatch. During the past twelve months of 1940, aircraft of the Coastal Command have flown 34,000,000 miles in co-operation with the Royal Navy, to keep open the trade routes to and from this country. More than 2,000 convoys, numbering over 40,000 ships and totalling 200,000,000 tons, were escorted. The value of the cargoes, inward and outward, averaged £4,000,000 a day—a truly wonderful achievement!



AN AVRO ANSON AIRCRAFT OF THE COASTAL COMMAND, ON ESCORT DUTY WITH A CONVOY, FLIES LOW OVER A BRITISH WARSHIP WITH WHICH IT IS CO-OPERATING

This aircraft, although not excessively speedy, has proved itself of great value all round our shores. Before the war large numbers of Ansons were employed in the training of observers and navigators for the R.A.F. Since the outbreak of war, some of these, during the course of their duties, have actually engaged much faster enemy fighter-planes, and shot them down



LOCKHEED HUDSON AIRCRAFT OF THE COASTAL COMMAND ON PATROL OVER THE NORTH SEA

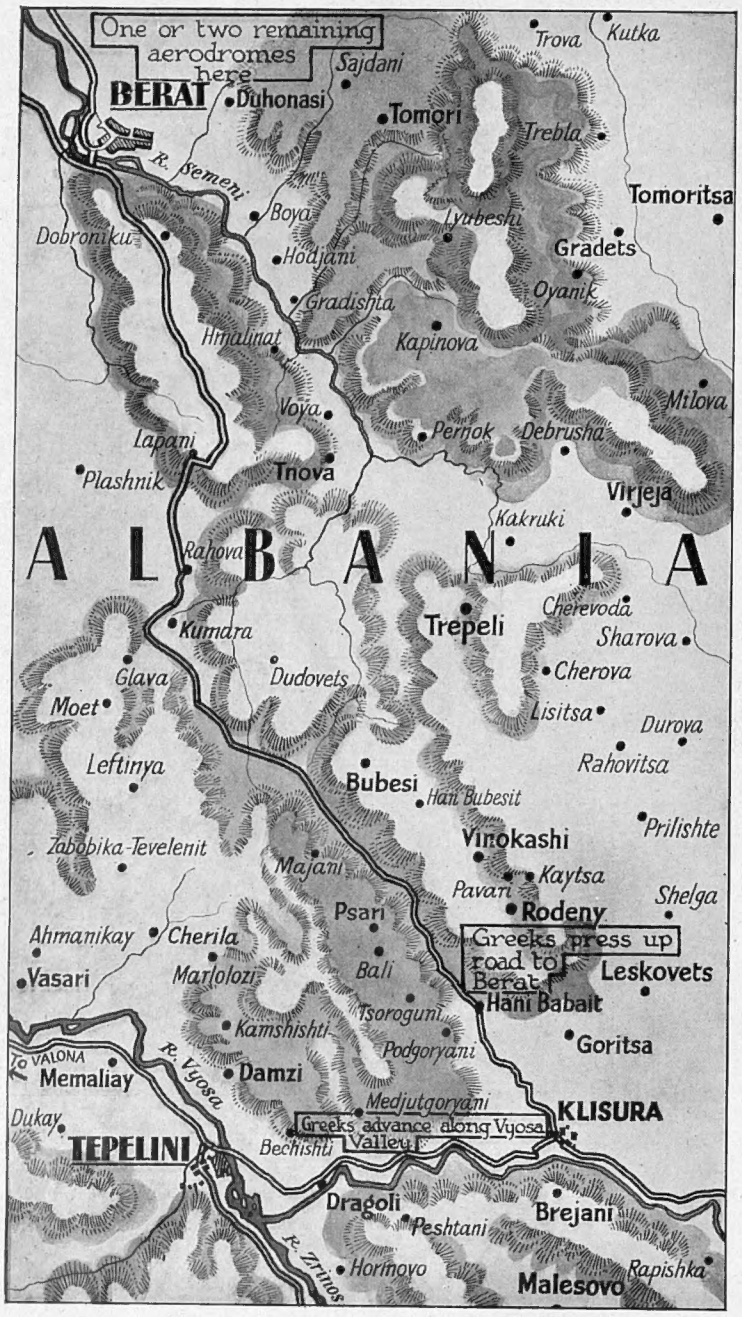
All branches of the R.A.F. have done magnificent work since the outbreak of the war. Naturally, the Fighter and Bomber Commands have been mentioned more frequently, because their work has appealed more directly to the general public: but the Coastal Command—quietly and unostentatiously—has operated day in and day out, in fair weather and foul, and has kept open the sea-ways of Britain (to say nothing of its recent bombing operations from Norway to the Spanish border!). Many types of aircraft have been employed in these tasks: prominent, of course, are the Lockheed Hudsons, seen above—a British adaptation of a fine American type. Others are Saro-Lerwicks, Saro-Londons, Avro Anson; but, above all, the wonderful Short Sunderlands. Many of the latter have been operated by the Royal Australian Air Force on patrols round Britain. The Sunderland is a long-range reconnaissance aircraft with four Pegasus XXII engines, each of 850 h.p. Its armament includes multiple gun-turrets fore and aft and two further gun positions in the top of the fuselage. Hence the aircraft has been referred to as "a battleship of the air." With the four engines developing a total of 3,360 h.p. at 6,250 ft., it attains a maximum speed of 210 m.p.h., and has a range of approximately 2,000 miles

A SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT ON RECONNAISSANCE COMES LOW TO GREET A VESSEL OF THE ROYAL NAVY AT SEA

Aircraft of this one type alone have, since the beginning of the war, covered several millions of miles in all weathers on the many hazardous duties of the Coastal Command, including the spotting and attacking of submarines, escorting convoys, and locating enemy warships. They usually carry a crew of eight to ten

WAR ACTIONS of the WEEK

GREECE, LIBYA, SUDAN, SICILY

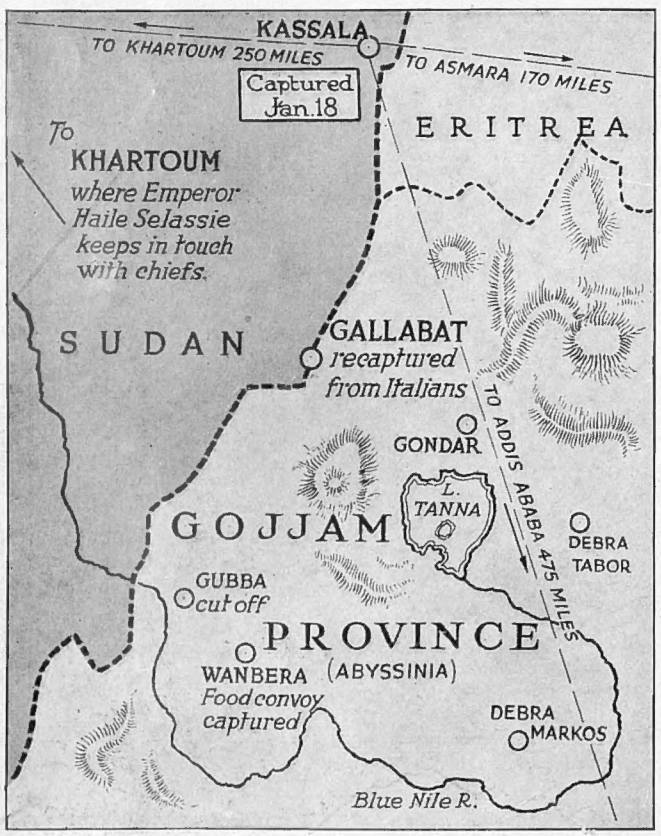


GREECE AND ALBANIA

After the capture of Klisura by the Greeks, their forces have been pressing along the two roads shown here. In both cases the fighting has been mainly on the hill tops, surrounding and capturing batteries of guns and machine-gun nests

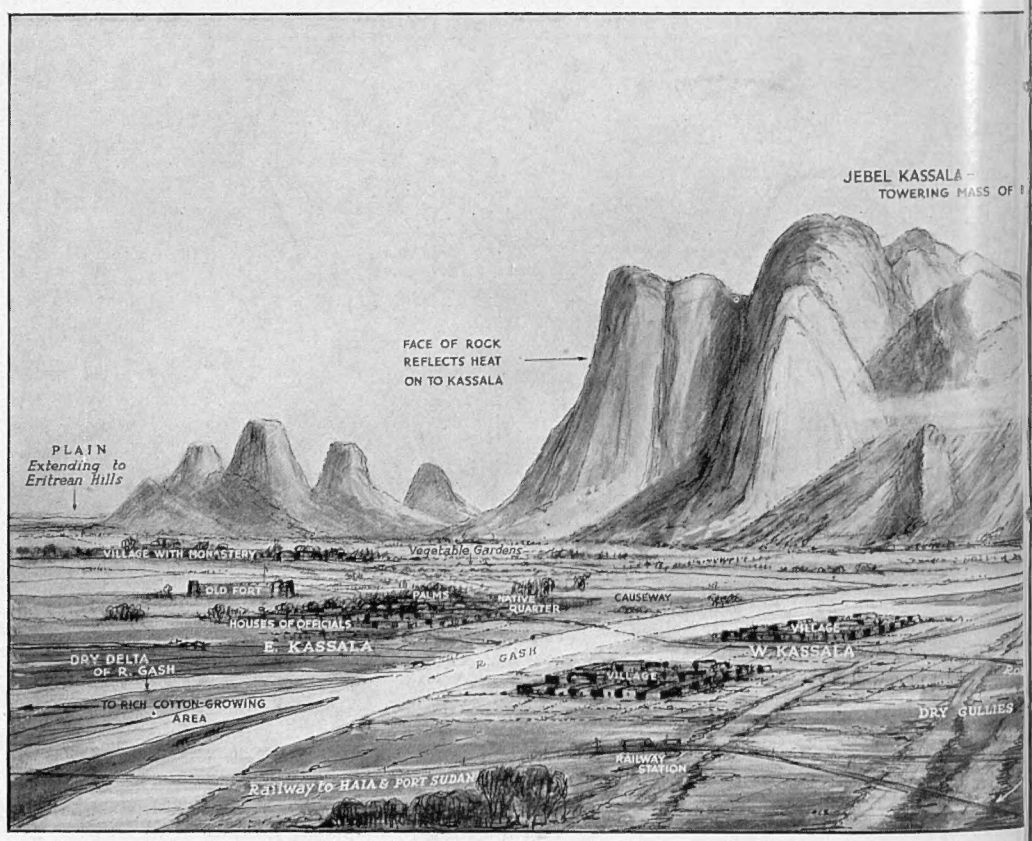
During the opening days of January, the weather conditions in Albania were so severe that it was difficult for either side to do more than struggle to live in the intense cold which had descended on the mountains. The fingers of the combatants were so numbed with cold that it was not possible to hold a rifle or manage a machine gun properly. This great severity slackened after the first fortnight and a general resumption of activity on all fronts became evident, in spite of local snowfalls. Small but useful advances were made by the Greeks with captures of men and guns. The most important sector was that shown on the map given here on the left. Klisura was actually occupied and passed by the Greeks, advances being made in the direction of Tepelini and up the road to Berat towards Hani Babait, which is an important supply point of the Italians. It is also reported to have one of the only two aerodromes which are now functioning in Albania. Berat aerodrome has a runway of some one thousand yards. Valona, which has the other operating aerodrome, has, or had, a plane-repair factory. A considerable part of the road leading towards Dragali and Tepelini has for some time been a kind of No Man's Land, the rival batteries being able to shell it from various points. In spite of the severe winter conditions, the Greeks have been working along the hill-tops and surprising Italian gun posts and batteries. In a more northerly sector, the officer commanding a regiment known as the "Wolves of Tuscany" was captured. This regiment had only recently arrived at the front

LIBYA: THE STORM-DRIVEN SITUATION IN FRONT OF TOBRUK

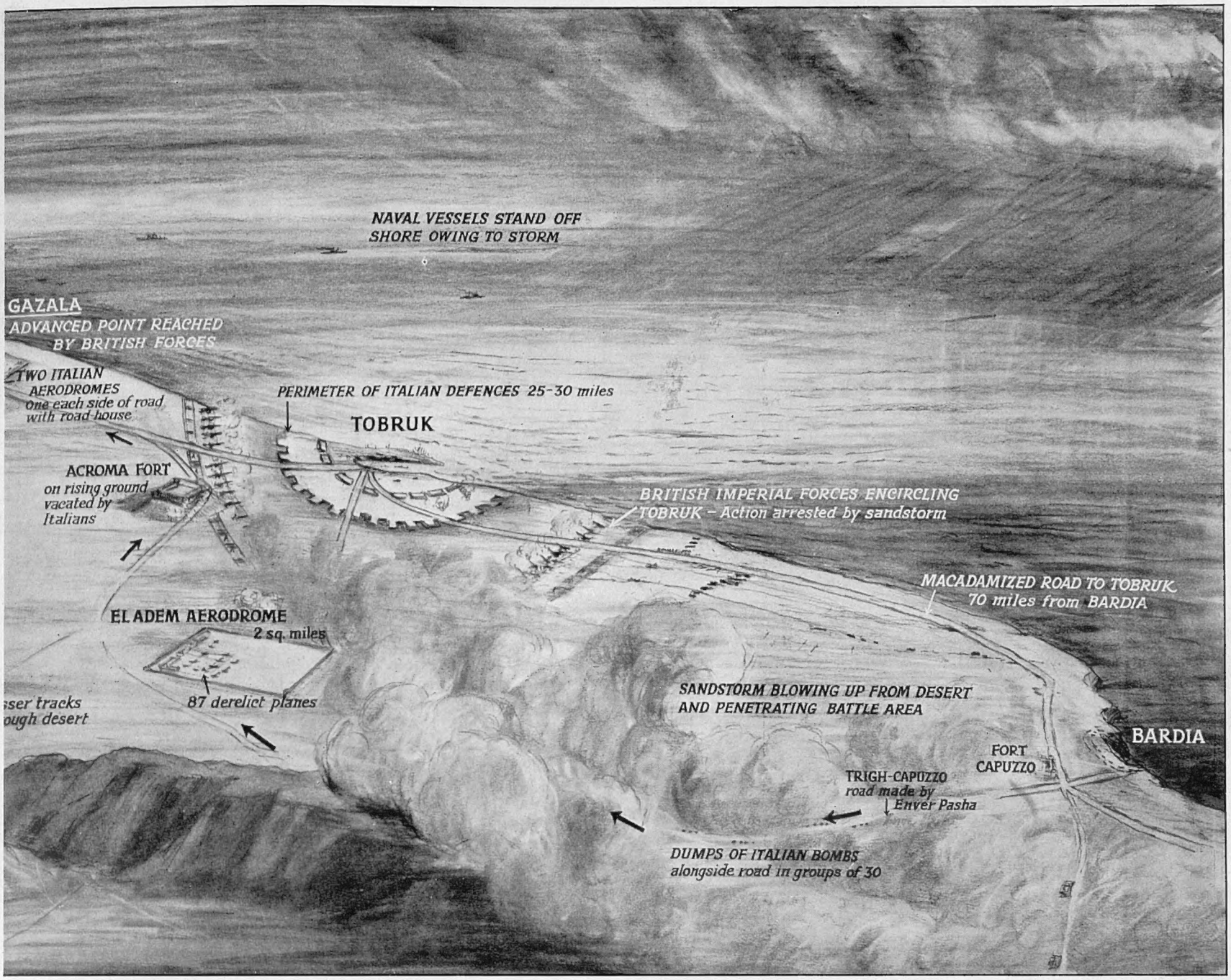


SUDAN AND ABYSSINIA

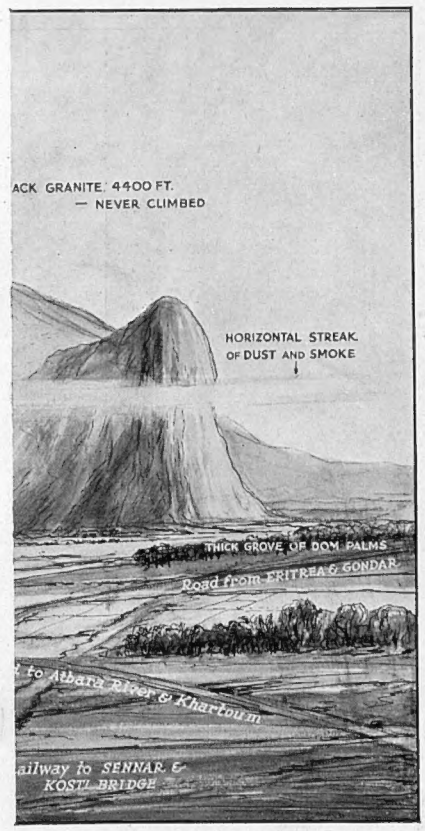
Serious revolt is reported from the Gojjam province of Abyssinia, a district which lies to the south of Kassala, captured at the week-end. It is encircled by the Blue Nile. Italian forces have had to be sent into the district to hold down the revolt—if possible

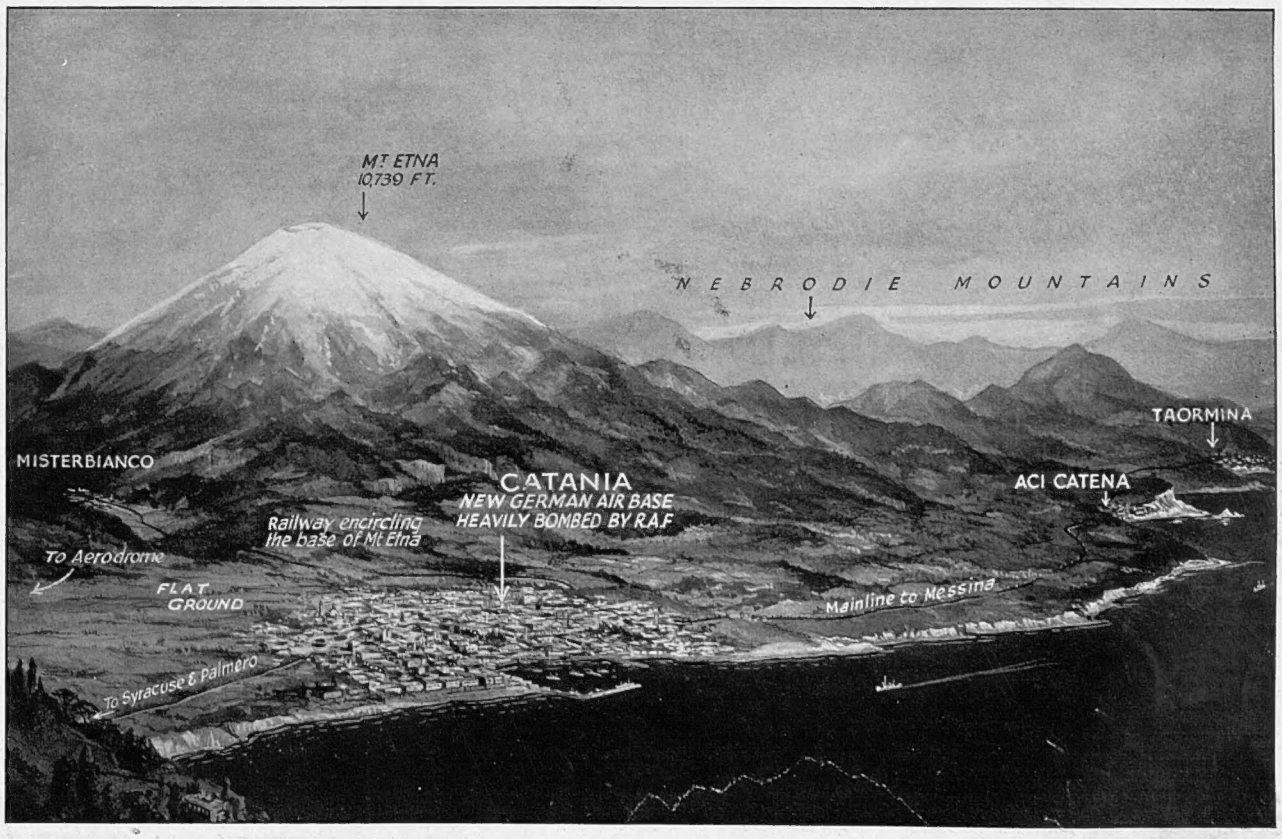


The driving of two Italian divisions from Kassala by small but ceaseless pressure of British patrols was the welcome news from the Sudanese-Eritrean frontier; all through the autumn the Italian forces (mostly Eritreans, with two Blackshirt battalions) held on to their capture, but all the time the small British forces were capturing and occupying hills to the north and south and constantly rushing at the enemy's lines of communications, on one occasion dashing completely round the fortified area of Kassala, cutting lines of supply and picking off posts. The region immediately to



The situation in front of Tobruk was described at the week-end by first-hand narratives by eye-witnesses who journeyed from Fort Capuzzo by inland road to the most advanced point reached by British forces on the western road of possible retreat from Tobruk to Derna. The coast road leading to Tobruk was, of course, not available—the High Capuzzo had to be used. It was originally constructed by Enver Pasha, when Turkey ruled the province. Last week, it was a foot deep in sand, when, for forty-eight hours, a dark, whirling pall of sand-storm swept across the whole area from Bardia to the Tobruk semi-circle of fortifications. It was impossible to lay a gun—every mechanism was choked and visibility was limited to a few yards. The El Adem Aerodrome was passed and its useful workshops and hangars noted. There were eighty-seven derelict planes on the ground, but never an Italian plane was to be seen in the sky. Aeronca fort had a huge "vacuum flask" bomb within its courtyard, which needed detonating. Here a side road joins the macadamised highway to Derna. There, twenty miles further on, was the advanced British force holding El Gazala with its two aerodromes and road-houses. Still further west was an armoured-car party, watching the road and prowling as far as possible towards Bomba. A desultory fire came from the Italian lines, which were not completed in time for the present action

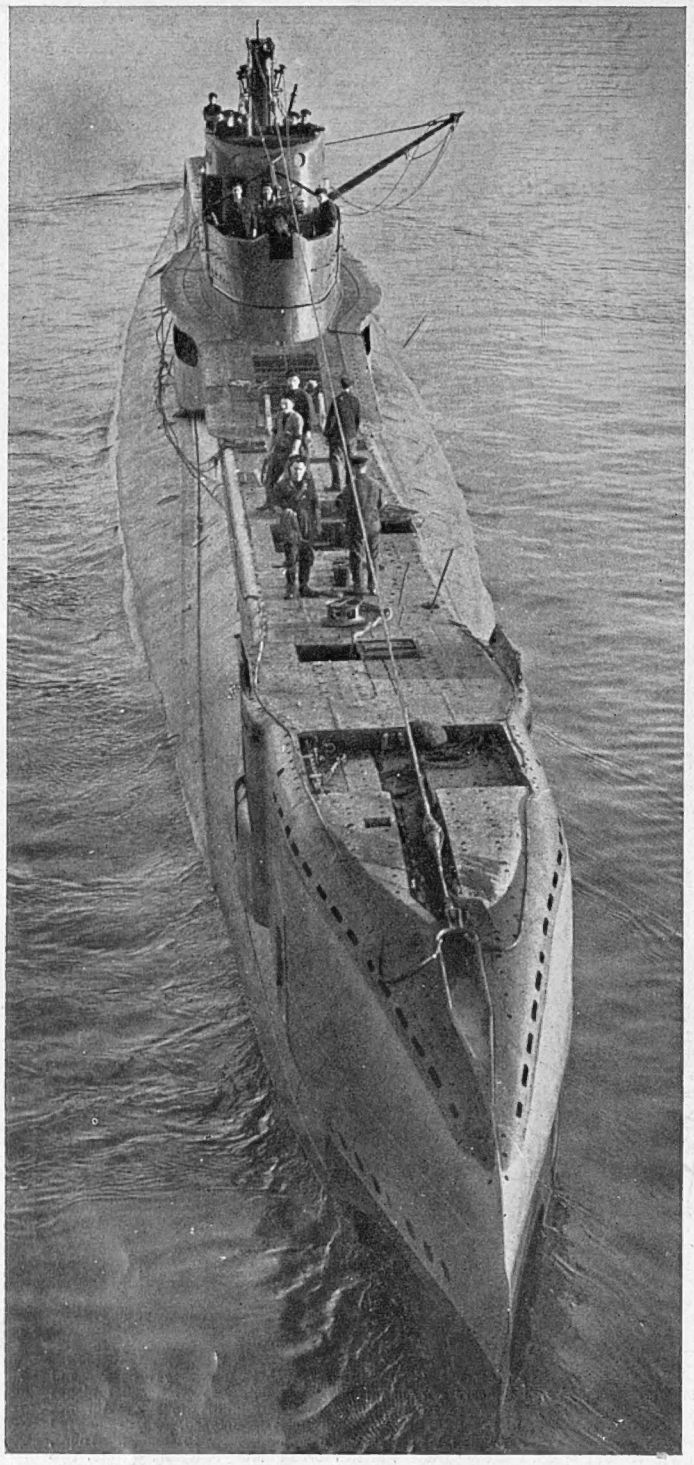




GERMANS IN SICILY

the south is remarkable at the present time for the seething spirit of revolt which has made itself evident there. This resistance to the Italians from within has been fostered by a number of British officers

The German dive-bombers which attacked the *Southampton* and the *Illustrious* appear to be based on an aerodrome situated on the wide stretch of flat land lying to the S.W. of Catania. The situation is dramatic; at the back of the aerodrome to the north rises the huge bulk of Mt. Etna, the famous active volcano which dominates the eastern side of the island. The aerodrome has been successfully bombed by the R.A.F. on two or three occasions since the attack on the convoy in the Sicilian channel. These are not the first attacks of the R.A.F. on this base

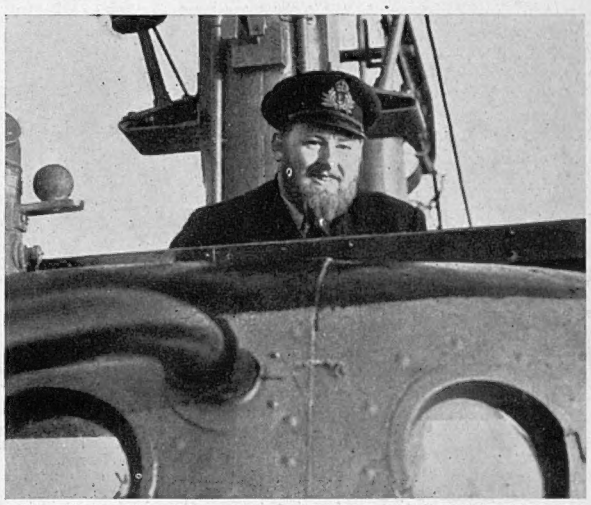


AFTER HER GREAT FEAT OF SINKING AN ITALIAN U-BOAT, H.M. SUBMARINE "THUNDERBOLT" RETURNS TO HER BASE

"THUNDERBOLT" (formerly "Thetis") Returns Home

SOME OF THE CREW OF "THUNDERBOLT," WITH THE SUBMARINE'S FIRST LIEUTENANT, J. STEVENS, AFTER THEIR SAFE RETURN TO HARBOUR. "THUNDERBOLT" WAS FORMERLY THE "THETIS," WHOSE SINKING WAS A SENSATION IN JUNE 1939

In June 1939 H.M.S. *Thunderbolt* was known as the *Thetis*. She had been launched in 1938 and was completed a year later; built at a cost of £350,000, she belonged to the Triton class; she had a displacement of 1,500 tons and carried a complement of 53. In June 1939, *Thetis* was carrying out trials in Liverpool Bay when she failed to surface after a trial dive. Ninety-nine men out of the 103 on board lost their lives. Three months later the submarine was raised, and later she was reconditioned and put into service under another name which was not made public. Now the Admiralty announce that *Thunderbolt* was originally *Thetis*. And that she has sunk an Italian U-boat "which was proceeding under escort to a base in enemy-occupied territory." *Thunderbolt* is commanded by Lieutenant Cecil Bernard Crouch, of Deal, Kent



THE FIRST LIEUTENANT ON THE BRIDGE OF "THUNDERBOLT" WHICH COST £350,000 TO BUILD IN 1939

FIFTEEN SURVIVORS OF A NEUTRAL SHIP RESCUED BY BRITISH DESTROYERS

These two dramatic pictures were taken from a British destroyer: they show scenes at the rescue of an open boat containing fifteen survivors of a neutral ship which had been sunk by Nazi torpedoes. The men, representing eleven different nationalities, had been at sea for six days when rescued and were still 200 miles from the nearest land. Their mast had been carried away during a gale on the fifth day, and they were in an extremely weak condition, with no food or water, and suffering from exposure. Here they are seen manœuvring their boat alongside the rescuing destroyer

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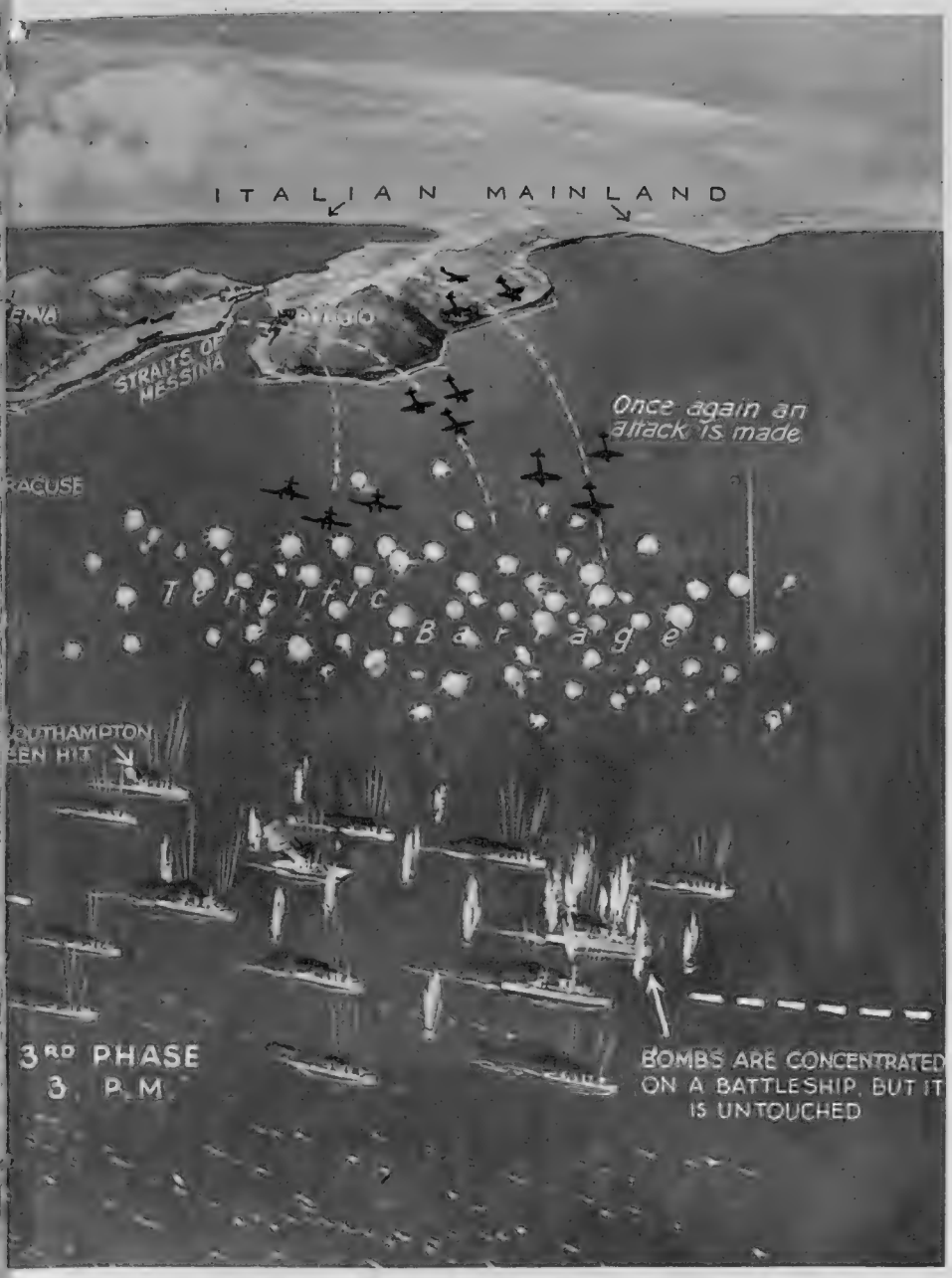
HOW THE GERMAN DIVE-BOMBING ATTACK WAS MET WITH THE MOST FURIOUS BARRAGE YET LOOSED ALOFT BY THE NAVY



THE CRUISER "SOUTHAMPTON," HIT BY BOMBS, WAS A FINE MODERN VESSEL: The *Southampton* gave her name to a class of cruiser which included eight vessels. She mounted twelve 6-in. guns in turrets as shown above. Her bulky appearance was due to the aeroplane hangars which extended the bridge structure into one wide, citadel-like mass, with the fore funnel rising between the two hangars

THE "ILLUSTRIOUS" IS ONE OF THE RECENTLY COMPLETED AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS: The vessel gives her name to a class of six ships. In general appearance she follows established lines, the funnel and bridge occupying a central position on the port side. The length is 753 ft. and armament sixteen 4.5 dual-purpose guns. After her successful return to Malta the Italians claimed that they had damaged her further

PAYING THE PRICE OF RECKLESS DIVE-BOMBING, THE GERMAN SQUADRON SWEEPS ON TOWARDS ITS SPECIAL TARGETS AMONG THE BRITISH ESCORTING FORCE. TWELVE OF THE BOMBERS WERE DESTROYED IN THE ATTACK ITSELF; AND A MUCH GREATER NUMBER WERE DESTROYED ON THE GROUND LATER AT THEIR BASE AERODROME AT CATANIA DURING THE COURSE OF ATTACKS BY THE R.A.F.

THE FIGHTING TOPS OF THE BATTLESHIPS

Their Development in Modern Years for the Control of Gunnery at Long Range

Described by FRANK C. BOWEN

TO the layman the man-of-war's mast, whether it supports a towering pile of snowy canvas or the grimly practical instruments of modern science, is one of its most fascinating features, and although the naval architect is apt to regard it merely as an excrescence, obstructing the features which he wants to work into his design, all efforts to do without it have failed. It has changed greatly through the ages but it is still of paramount importance to the efficient fighting of the ship. As such it is likely to remain when other features have been changed out of all recognition, for although the mast was at first fitted into fighting ships entirely as a means of propulsion, it was soon regarded as an essential part of their powers of offence.

This was centuries ago when sea-fighting became general and the crude naval architects of the day vied with one another to give the soldiers at sea a commanding position. Fore- and after-castles, easily fitted into any merchant ship which had been requisitioned by the King, gave the men-at-arms a height from which they could discharge their arrows on to the crowded decks of the adversaries. But something more was wanted, and soon a third castle, known as the topcastle, was fitted at the masthead. It was necessarily smaller than the others and was used primarily for throwing spears, stones, quicklime and incendiary matter at the enemy, and at a time when the sailors were only supposed to take the ship to the position demanded by the knight in command, the topcastle, with its dizzy motion, was probably cheerfully left to sailor volunteers who would not be seasick.

As the rig of fighting ships was elaborated, and the single square sail developed into the ship rig of three or more sails on each of the three masts, it became necessary to fit them with big tops in which the seamen handling the canvas were assembled and these offered a good opportunity for swivel guns—primitive breech-loaders—and sharpshooters to sweep the exposed decks of the enemy. There was a great division of professional opinion as to the advisability of using the tops for this purpose. Most British naval officers were against it, firstly because the danger of fire was too great with so much inflammable cordage and canvas all round, and secondly, because many followed the lead of Nelson, who, like Wellington, when he refused permission for snipers to pick off Napoleon at Waterloo, regarded such methods as unsporting and against the accepted rules of warfare. To lay one's ship alongside the enemy and batter her into submission by gunfire in the old way was regarded as a more gentlemanly way of fighting, but Nelson's death at Trafalgar, shot down by a sharpshooter from the mizzen-top of the *Redoutable*, forced the old-fashioned officer to realise that it was a method of fighting that had to be considered. It did not, however, lead to any protection being given to officers on the poops of H.M. ships for many years afterwards, and they still conned their ships into battle from the most exposed positions where they could be seen by a large part of their crew and could give them encouragement.

Apart from the fighting possibilities of the mast, it was steadily improved as time went on and carried more and more sail. It was ultimately found impossible to find single spars big enough for the lower masts of line-of-battleships, and they had to be "built" of innumerable small pieces of wood carefully shaped by skilled carpenters to fit into a perfect circle and hooped in with iron bands at intervals all the way up. The topmasts and the bigger yards were also often beyond the size of one spar, but in their case two pieces were "scarfed" together and were made as strong as a single piece. Although men-of-war never carried the extravagant rig of the clipper ships, their big sails, handled by a very big crew, demanded spars which were both lofty and wide. As far as beauty was concerned the masts of the first half of the nineteenth century were unrivalled.

A great change was effected when the Whitehead locomotive torpedo was perfected, and big ships, especially the capital ships in home waters, began to dread its attack. With the very extravagant boilers of those days, which made it impossible for the biggest bunkers to provide for more than a few days' steaming at economical speed, sail was still regarded as essential, but when anti-torpedo machine-guns and quick-firers had to be given an all-round command of fire it became more and more difficult to provide sail power for the big ships, and in due course their masts were stripped of their canvas and were fitted with fighting tops for these light pieces. They were intended not only for use against torpedo craft, but also to sweep the decks of an enemy ship if her crew were rash enough to stand in the open, which was always a matter of some doubt. In the British Navy these fighting tops were limited to one, or at most two, on each mast, which could thus be kept within reasonable limits, but some foreign navies put top over top until the weight of the mast, which had to be given colossal thickness to support them, seriously endangered the stability of the ship and rendered her liable to capsize if shell-holes near the water-line admitted water on one side.

As the range of naval gunnery increased, adequate protection was given to all members of the crew, architects improved the position of anti-torpedo guns on deck, and the fighting tops were abandoned. For years many ships carried the tops without any guns in them, a very useful place for the bluejacket to hide surreptitious washing out of sight of the quarter-deck, but the desire for improved stability caused many of the heavy military masts, as they were called, to be taken out and replaced by light pole masts which were only sufficient to support the signal yards.

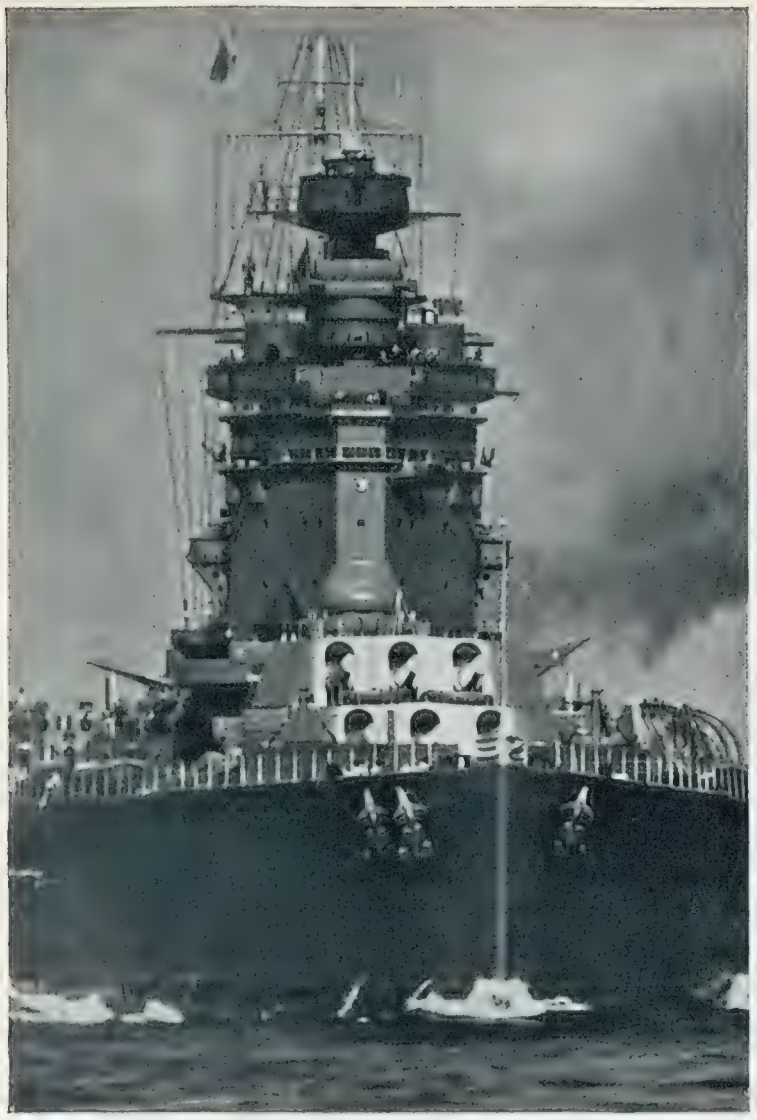
ONE OF BRITAIN'S HEAVY BATTLE-CRUISERS—A STERN VIEW OF H.M.S. "RENOWN": This colossal fighting machine was completed in September 1916, during the last war; but during the years 1936-39 she was reconstructed and her armour was considerably increased in view of later developments in naval warfare. *Renown* has a displacement of 32,000 tons, a complement of around 1,200, and a length of 750 ft.; she was fitted as a flagship. It is interesting to note that *Renown* originally cost over £3,000,000; her first refit, in 1919-20, cost a further £100,000; her second—in 1921-22—£175,000, and her complete reconstruction in 1936-39 cost another £3,000,000! Both *Renown* and *Repulse* were provided for as battleships, but after the Falkland Islands battle they were re-designed as battle-cruisers. *Renown* now has a radius of action of about 3,650 miles. This view of the vessel is particularly interesting as showing how strongly armed she is *at the stern*

At that time many naval architects began to talk about discarding all but a single mast in each ship, but they were checked by two considerations. Experience in the Russo-Japanese War showed the necessity of having at least one alternative position for signal flags if the line of battle was not to be thrown into hopeless confusion, and the development of wireless telegraphy soon did away with the single high gaff which originally supported the aerial and demanded that it should be slung between the two topmasts, the higher the better.

Then came the introduction of director control for the ship's guns which, while very primitive compared with the elaborate scientific machinery of to-day, demanded an elevated position. In some cases the upper fighting tops, emptied of their guns, were used for the purpose, but their weight was unnecessary and as a rule a new top, bigger but much lighter than the fighting top, was fitted at the lower masthead. As the director control gear became more elaborate, the ordinary staying of the mast was insufficient to prevent the "whip" which would throw out the calculations, and when the famous first *Dreadnought* was introduced into the Fleet the tripod mast which had been fitted into some ships in the '60's was revived.

Not every navy followed our example in this. The Americans preferred a cage mast, irreverently known as the "waste-paper basket," in which a number of spiral steel tubes formed the support for the control tops. It proved capable of withstanding a large number of shells without coming down, but if the ship were rolling heavily it developed a very unhappy "whip" which made accurate gunnery observations impossible. It is interesting to note how the various Powers were converted to the British tripod; not only the American cage mast but the German cigar-shape, with the most scientific mathematical calculations for withstanding strain, and the French tapered mast, all gave way to the British system, and the Japanese even fitted octapod masts. By the time they had all been converted, the British Navy had turned to something new, and the fire-control instruments had been placed in a massive tower which the Navy promptly nicknamed "Queen Anne's Mansions."

In spite of all the efforts of the architects, it was not possible to do without the masts altogether. For a time the smaller cruisers had a full tripod mast forward to support their gunnery control, but the wireless aerials ran down to a miniature pole mainmast aft and a certain amount of weight was saved. In later designs, however, this mainmast has been heightened, and in many cases it is as tall as the foremast. In some reconditioned capital ships the tripod foremast is only high enough to carry the control top and it is the mainmast which is surmounted by tall spars for signalling and wireless purposes. In recent years the necessity of providing adequate defence against aircraft has drawn further attention to masts, and the obsolete light cruisers converted into anti-aircraft ships, which have been doing such extraordinarily good work since the outbreak of war, have been fitted with colossal tops on their foremasts for that purpose. Even the modern masts which are not expected to carry any great weight are built with tripod supports as a precaution against their being shot away.



THE FIGHTING TOP OF A MODERN BRITISH BATTLESHIP, H.M.S. "RODNEY": Before the completion of the five huge battleships of the King George V class, *Rodney* was one of our mightiest fighting craft. Built at a cost of £7,600,000, she was laid down under the 1922–23 Estimates; she is a reduced edition of the 48,000-ton battle-cruisers ordered in 1921 and cancelled under the Washington Treaty, in which 16-in. guns were to have been mounted in triple turrets. The bridge structure, shown above, carries 16-in., 6-in. and 4.7-in. directors, admiral's bridge, torpedo controls, signalling and navigating bridges, sea cabins and offices

AN EARLIER BRITISH BATTLESHIP, WITH REMODELLED CONTROL TOP—H.M.S. "WARSPITE": This battleship, which has distinguished herself both at Narvik and in the Mediterranean, was completed at Devonport in March 1915. Between the years 1925 and 1933, however, the whole of this Queen Elizabeth class was reconstructed; and in 1934 *Warspite* underwent further recontruction of an extensive nature, the modernisation including well over 60 per cent. of the ship's structure. The battleship now looks much different from her original appearance

THE LAUNCH OF AN AMERICAN "REPAIR SHIP"

TO KEEP THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN FIGHTING TRIM AT SEA: The U.S. Navy has always been well equipped with specialised "Repair Ships": during the 1914-18 War these vessels were the envy of the Royal Navy. Within the last few weeks still another of these vessels has been launched at the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation at Camden, New Jersey; and here the U.S.S. *Vulcan* is seen sliding down the slipway. When completed she will act as a floating repair base for all types of vessels in the United States Navy. The new ship has a displacement of 9,100 tons and has been constructed under the 1939 Programme

WITH THE BRITISH NAVY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: A picture taken during a recent sweep in the Middle Sea which shows what happens when a British warship drops a depth-charge during anti-submarine operations. Here is the terrific result of the explosion

THE CAPTURE OF BARDIA: *The Final Operations when the Italian Stronghold was Captured and Nearly 45,000 Prisoners were Taken*

BRITISH LAND-CRUISERS GOING IN TO ATTACK AT BARDIA: Roaring over the scrub-covered sandy wastes of the Libyan Desert, these giant British tanks are moving up for the final assault on the Italian harbour. The size and the speed of these vehicles are most impressive when going into action. It has been stated that the Italians were considerably surprised by the weight of the British attacks at both Sidi Barrani and Bardia: apparently they had thought that, after Dunkirk, the British Army had not had time to re-equip and re-arm. They were unpleasantly disillusioned! The pictures reproduced here were taken by a camera-man of the Gaumont News Reel service, moving up with the advancing British forces

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF ITALIAN PRISONERS MOVING BACK TO THE BRITISH REAR: Following on the 35,000 Italian prisoners captured at Sidi Barrani, a further 44,000 were taken at the fall of Bardia. They were a nondescript collection—Regular Army, Blackshirts and native levies—and clad in a variety of ragged uniforms, many of them without adequate protection against the bitter cold of the rainy season. As they tramped along to the British base, for conveyance back to concentration camps in Egypt, clouds of dust rose in their wake. Very few British soldiers were needed for their escort, as there was not the slightest intention on the part of the prisoners to attempt to escape!

TRAINLOAD AFTER TRAINLOAD OF PRISONERS GOING BACK TO EGYPT: The total of Italians captured since the beginning of General Wavell's drive into Libya is now nearing the 100,000 mark: the concentration camps in Egypt are full to bursting, in fact, and it has been stated that many of the prisoners will be interned in India for the duration of the war. Here is a scene at one of the British bases as prisoners are sent off in closely packed trains for internment

ITALY ON THE DEFENSIVE

—A Special "Sphere" Section

HOW THAT COUNTRY STANDS TO-DAY—I

Battered on all Sides, Italy is Now in Bad Condition—on the Land, at Sea, and in the Air—By DONALD COWIE

THE MENACE TO THE ITALIANS IN ABYSSINIA: So far very little news has come out of Abyssinia concerning the general attitude of the great bulk of the subject Ethiopians. But Haile Selassie is massing his warriors in the Sudan, British planes are bombing Abyssinian airfields, and the Italian garrison is quite cut off from the rest of the world. It cannot be long before news of all this reaches the natives, together with the news of General Wavell's great successes in Libya. According to one American correspondent, a suggestion has been put forward that the evacuation of all Italian women and children would be permitted by the British authorities: so fierce was the suppression of the Abyssinians by the Italians, and so heavy the bombing of helpless women and children from the air during the Conquest, that reprisals might be attempted when the collapse of Italian rule comes. That is a problem which the present rulers of Abyssinia must seriously consider

WHEN Italy entered this war her potentialities were distinctly disquieting. She had an army of 1,500,000, in ninety divisions, the fifth strongest navy in the world, and about 1,400 front-line aircraft. She stood boldly astride our Mediterranean communications at the centre—Sardinia and Sicily to Pantellaria Island; and at the east—the Dodecanese to Libya. Her large, modern armies in Abyssinia and Italian Somaliland overshadowed our frontier forces in the Sudan, British Somaliland, Kenya and Uganda. There were 90,000 troops in Abyssinia; the King's African Rifles were greatly outnumbered. Italian submarines and aircraft from Eritrea might be able to command the Red Sea, perhaps render Aden untenable. British Somaliland was doomed. The defection of the French had everywhere smashed our strategic schemes. It was a gloomy situation. If ever a nation held the initiative, Italy was on the offensive then.

It is worth while remembering those points, the better to appreciate the complete *volte face* that has taken place. To-day the situation is entirely reversed. To-day that proud Italy, reeling from the shrewd blows of the British Army in the Western Desert, the Greeks in Albania, the Navy and R.A.F. everywhere, stands on the defensive herself. And she is the more exposed in that her strategic dispositions were one and all prepared for offensive operation. It is easy odds that Mussolini would never, never have entered the war had the possibility of direct attack on metropolitan Italy and her main colonial strongholds been remotely apparent. Look at the map.

Wars are rarely won in colonies, so attention must be paid first to the Italian mainland and Sicily. Is it realised that, for a country of her size, Italy has the longest coastline in the world—some 2,500 miles—and the majority of her population centres are situated on that coastline? In the old days, Italy was constantly rent asunder because of that. Without naval and aerial command of her surrounding seas she cannot keep a would-be invader at bay.

Have you been to Naples?

An ancient fortress, the Castel Nuovo, pokes its antiquated cannon across the Bay; the submarine and destroyer establishments underneath are supremely elegant. That is about all. Feverish attempts have been made since the war to erect modern defences, but it takes years of working experience to erect them on an open coastline. The Italians have had neither the time nor the experience. Already the R.A.F. has bombarded ports and aerodromes with an increasing awareness of impunity. That famous single raid of the Fleet Air Arm on Taranto not only upset the naval balance of power decisively in our favour; it probed the defences of one of the strongest Italian ports and found them wanting. Ports from Venice to Brindisi in the Adriatic, and from Genoa to Naples and the big base at Catania in Sicily have learnt progressively to fear our visitations during recent months.

And we have not yet subjected the Italian ports to heavy naval bombardment. A naval officer remarked to me when Italy entered the war: "Good heavens, they will be blown out of the water!" But tentative feelers have already been extended. A British submarine arose in the Gulf of Genoa and subjected Savona to an unpleasant few minutes. The cruiser *Sydney*, after bombarding Scarpanto, in the Dodecanese, took away a very poor opinion of the shore defences, for they did not fire.

Perhaps it is early to discuss military operations on the Italian mainland. But Italy's 1,500,000 army shrinks significantly on close examination. Possibly 300,000 were sent to Libya, then 90,000 to Abyssinia, 200,000 to Albania, about 60,000 in scattered possessions from the Dodecanese to Lagosta Island, in the Adriatic, Pantellaria, Sardinia, etc., a total of about 650,000 away from home. And the original, propaganda figure of 1,500,000 was in itself misleading, as it included reserves and trainees, old men and hairless boys.

Prior to the war the Italian Army was 600,000 strong, including the usual conscripts, with 15,000 Carabinieri, 50,000 Blackshirts, and 25,000 police.

It is possible that if an expeditionary force were thrust ashore on Italy to-morrow the Italian High Command would be gravely embarrassed to muster adequate defenders at the vital spot. Despite the Axis, troops must stand at the Brenner, as well as the French and the Yugoslav frontiers. Albania has lately been absorbing "crack" divisions like a sponge.

Yes, Mussolini has probably decided already that when he dies the word "Communications" will be found written on his heart. That is our strategy at the moment, to take full advantage of the many Italian breakdowns in lines of supply. Why is it that Graziani has refused to fight a pitched battle in Libya? The answer is to be found on the map again: that 280-mile sea- and air-line from Sicily to Tripoli that must pass, willy-nilly, the British naval and air forces based on intervening Malta; that 450-mile line from Sicily to a Benghazi that may soon be Italian no longer. You cannot fight in the modern manner without tanks, lorries, guns, heavy loads of oil and ammunition.

The position of the other Italian colonial armies is even worse. Perhaps East Africa gets a little help from swift-sailing dhows that slip occasionally across the Red Sea from the Yemen, and from a Japanese ship now and then. But Eritrea, French, British and Italian Somalilands depended entirely before this war on imports from Aden for certain essential foodstuffs as well as cotton goods. Abyssinia, without the help of a contraband coast, is worse off, especially with that 90,000 army to support, increasing rebellion to quell, and a British offensive to face at any moment.

Much will depend, so far as the defence of metropolitan Italy is concerned, upon the degree of German help that is afforded, also upon the progress of the coming German offensive, whatever its direction. But nothing can alter the fact now that Italy beyond the seas is doomed.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAPITAL AFTER THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION: This is the main street in Addis Ababa as it appeared shortly after the annexation of Abyssinia: it shows how the Italians—great colonists, as is generally admitted—intended their new capital to appear to the outside world. But—this is only *one corner* of the city: just round the corner, or just out of the view, the old primitive Addis Ababa still stands behind this grandiloquent façade!

WHY ITALY IS IN SUCH SORE STRAITS: BECAUSE HER SOLDIERS HAVE NOT GOT THEIR HEARTS IN THE STRUGGLE! Despite such catastrophes as Caporetto, Guadalajara and Sadowa, the Italian is *not* a bad soldier; certain Italian regiments, indeed, are very good—such as the Bersaglieri and Alpini. Nevertheless, in both Libya and Albania the Italian fighting-machine has sadly broken down. In the absence of more convincing arguments, it must be assumed that this is because the Italian rank and file have not got their hearts in the fight: their country is split into two factions—pro-war and anti-war, and pro-Nazi and anti-Nazi; and there are many who still remember the last war, when Britain and Italy were allies, fighting a common foe—the Germans!

CHIEF BASE OF THE DODECANESE—THE ISLAND OF RHODES: The curious formation of the island is well brought out in this diagram-view. Forty-nine miles long and 21 miles broad, Rhodes is traversed in the direction of its greatest length by a chain of mountains, which reach a height of 4,000 ft. The population is about 30,000. Known to history as the headquarters of the Knights Hospitallers, Rhodes is also famous for its brazen Colossus, one of the Seven Wonders of the World

AN ITALIAN NAVAL BASE IN THE ISLANDS BOMBED BY THE R.A.F.: Typical of many such harbours in the Dodecanese group is the port of Symi, in the island of the same name. As this has been used by the Italians as a naval anchorage, it has received the attentions of R.A.F. bombers operating in the Middle East. There are, in all, twelve islands in the group—the population of which is nearly 120,000

ITALY ON THE DEFENSIVE—II

THE FATEFUL DODECANESE

The Possible Scene of Mussolini's Next Disaster

SINGULARLY little attention has been publicly paid so far to the problem of the Italian Dodecanese, that beautiful group of islands in the Ægean Sea by the coast of Turkey, enemy-occupied at the moment but doubly Grecian in their population and rare memories. This is especially remarkable because recent events, the successes in Albania and Libya, and our naval victories in the Mediterranean with the establishment of Cretan bases, have made the strategic position of the Dodecanese garrisons well-nigh hopeless.

Italy occupied these islands in 1912—or at least the southern portion—conjointly with her initial operations in Libya. It was not a difficult job. The Turkish Empire was already rotting at its extremities, and most of the islands fell without a battle. The only fight was in Rhodes, and the Italians soon prevailed. They took practically all the islands with the exception of Castelrosso.

Then came the First German War, and Italy was confirmed in her easy conquest by the Allies, who hoped for valuable co-operation on her part against Turkey. France had temporarily occupied the island of Castelrosso as a base for operations on the Anatolian coast. After the war Greece raised a well-founded agitation for the return of her ancient islands

Unfortunately for Greek ambitions, however, the defeat of the Hellenic armies by the Turks in 1922 gave Italy an excuse to break the Tittoni-Venezelos contract. Within a month of that defeat Italy declared the agreement—which also applied to Southern Albania—null and void; and the Lausanne Conference later confirmed Italy in her despicable act. Admittedly Ramsay MacDonald made a feeble attempt in 1924, when the question arose of handing over Jubaland to Italy, to force Italy to give Greece a square deal at the same time. But MacDonald baulked at the difficult fence. Italy got Jubaland in Africa as well as a virtual confirmation of her sovereignty in the Dodecanese

THE ITALIAN DICTATOR IN ONE OF HIS FAVOURITE ATTITUDES: This picture was taken on the Yugoslav frontier near Fiume: it shows Mussolini, on a specially constructed platform with corner-posts built to resemble the fasces of ancient Rome, reviewing Italian troops: presumably this spot was chosen to impress the Yugoslavs with the Might of Modern Italy! Since then, however, has come the Italian débâcle in Albania and Libya. It is probable that, by this time, the telescope has been turned round to spy out other areas!

Greece had to go hungry away. Apart from historical and ethnic rights, however, there was no excuse for allowing a Fascist Italy to consolidate fortresses in the Eastern Mediterranean that might prove highly dangerous in another war. This folly was made evident as the years rolled by, and news began to seep out of vast Italian military and naval preparations in the Ægean, aimed variously at Turkey, Greece, France, Britain and Egypt. It was said that the Italians had built a huge naval and air base at Leros in Rhodes.

But Mussolini hadn't really had much luck as a rejuvenator. We know now that the Italian bases of the Dodecanese have little offensive power, even if they might still be hard nuts for an invader to crack. Properly used, those islands could have been employed to send great fleets of bombers against Egypt and Salonika, to harbour considerable numbers of submarines and raiders, to cut once and for all the British lifeline from Gibraltar to Alexandria.

It must be admitted that the main ports of the Dodecanese are not ideally situated for naval purposes. They are exposed to dangerous winds. But we all understood that Mussolini was transforming the islands into massive citadels of air power, unlike anything that had been attempted before.

Such is the strength of propaganda! As I say, we know to-day that the *mana* of Italy in the Dodecanese is no more considerable than elsewhere. Since Italy entered the war she has made little or no attempt to exploit the strategic potentialities of the islands. Fleets of bombers, possibly from Rhodes, have occasionally issued forth to raid the Palestinian cities, and paid one notable visit at long distance to Southern Arabia. They received heavy punishment during the

WHERE ITALY AND GERMANY FACE EACH OTHER: Whenever Mussolini and Hitler wish to impress the world, it is at the Brenner Pass that they stage their meeting. Formerly part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Italy acquired this—the lowest pass over the Alps—as the result of her alliance with Britain and France in the 1914—1918 War. The Brenner lies between Innsbruck on the German side and Bolzano (formerly Bozen) on the Italian side: it has been a carriage road since 1772, and is now traversed by a railway. For those who seek historical parallels, the Brenner (4,500 ft. high) was used by the Romans for their invasions of the rest of Europe. It may yet be used by the Germans for the invasion of Italy!

Palestinian raids, however, and many did not return to their base. The operations were half-hearted, and very different from what we were led to expect.

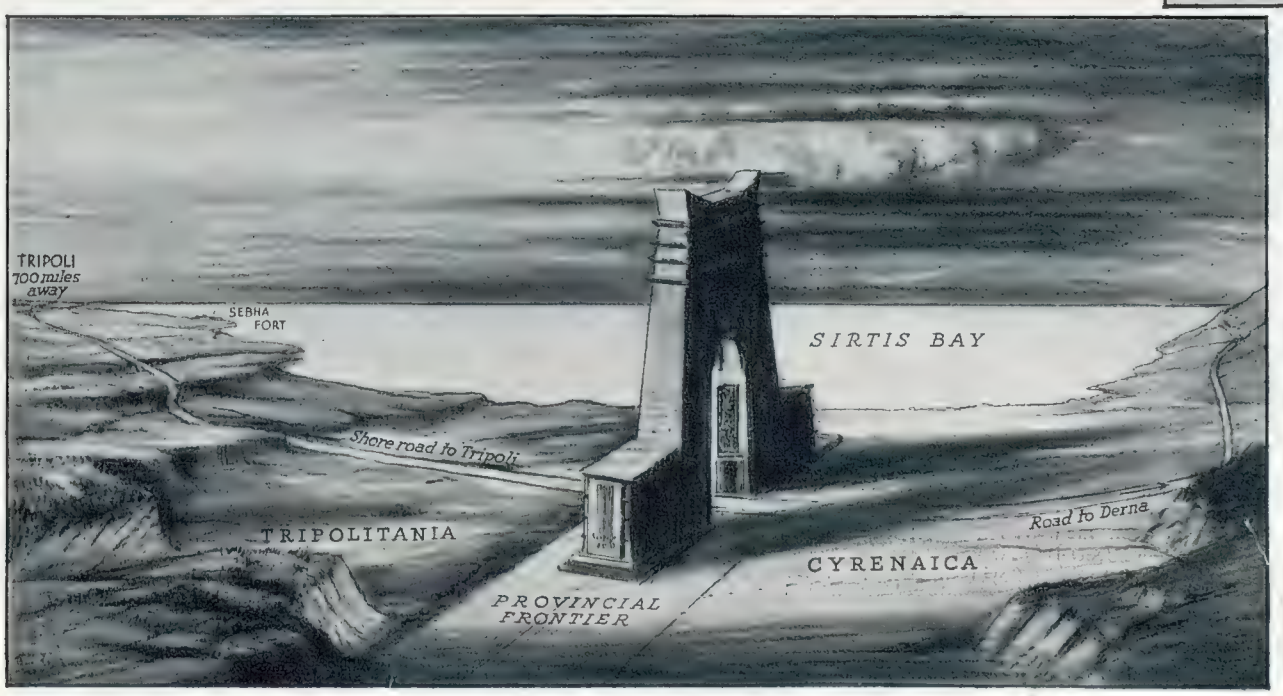
Perhaps the Navy has been too busy in recent months to bother over-much about the Dodecanese. As with other isolated Italian outposts—Abyssinia is another case in point—it has been good strategy to leave them to their own devices, until hunger, dwindling supplies of ammunition, and fear make them sitting-birds for a short, inexpensive attack. But some months ago the Navy gave the Dodecanese garrison a preliminary taste of things to come when they sent Captain Collins with his famous Australian cruiser, *Sydney*, accompanied by her sister-ship, *Orion*, and two destroyers to bombard Scarpanto, the nearest strong-point to Crete. The warships lobbed salvo after salvo of high-explosive shells on to a series of military objectives in the small, rocky island. The defenders were taken completely by surprise, and the Navy left unscathed before shore batteries could bring themselves to fire back.

The Dodecanese do not possess valuable mineral resources, or anything of that kind. But the soil is varied and capable of bearing many crops; the climate is perfect for agriculture in several parts of the islands.

Fishing is the livelihood of the smaller islets, while Simi and Calymnos subsist chiefly on the famous sponge fisheries. Prior to the war the Italians were trying to develop the tourist industries. They had certainly driven many good motor roads across the islands, but most observers felt that these had an ulterior strategic purpose, and had not been built exactly for the health of the inhabitants. Then there is considerable timber wealth in the Dodecanese, comparatively unexploited as yet.

Yes, it is to be hoped that Italy's days in the fabled Greek islands are numbered, and that we may eventually hear of the return of these earthly paradises to their rightful owners. It is a pleasant thought. You can travel thousands of miles through the modern world and not find an environment which is more truly designed for happiness.

On right—**HOW ITALY STANDS TO-DAY: FIGHTING ON THE DEFENSIVE ON ALL SIDES:** Before Italy decided to take the plunge into open warfare in June 1940, much play was made in the Italian Press on Italy's strong strategic position in the Mediterranean and Middle East generally. How fallacious this was is well demonstrated by the map on right: when things were going well, it seemed *on paper* that she really was well off geographically. But, owing to her lamentable miscalculation with regard to Greece, she has been (*a*) cut off from the Dodecanese Islands; (*b*) cut off from her Abyssinian Empire; (*c*) defeated in Albania, and suffered serious hindrance in her communications with that region; (*d*) defeated in Libya and again suffered a serious blow in communications. In addition, British sea power and air power have dealt stunning blows on every hand. The very things which were formerly held to be in Italy's favour are now seen to be proving the very reverse



On left—**ITALY'S GRANDIOSE ARCHES TO MARK STAGES ON THE 1,200-MILE SHORE ROAD IN LIBYA:** When the British-Imperial forces crossed from the Egyptian Libyan desert area into Italian Libya, one of the correspondents with the forces mentions that he encountered a striking-looking archway standing in a lonely position at the frontier. It recalled to him the famous lines by Shelley on the shattered monument erected by Ozimandias, bearing a vaunting inscription referring to himself as "King of Kings," and the monument as "enduring for ever," while at Shelley's feet on the desert lay its shattered fragments all around! This was not the only archway which Italy had erected on the great shore road, now so vulnerable to naval attack. At the junction of the two provinces of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, there rises a really astounding monument to Italian vainglory. Quite colossal in size, it stands in lonely splendour close to the shore of Sirtis Bay, one road leading to Tripoli city, fully 700 miles away to the west, while the eastern road climbs through the wooded gullies of the Cyrenaica plateau to Derna and the Libyan frontier. On the upper part of the monument, carved in big Roman letters, is the inscription—"Alme Sol Possis, Nihil Urbe Roma Visere Majus," which may be fairly rendered into—May the Beneficent Sun never shine on anything Greater than Rome

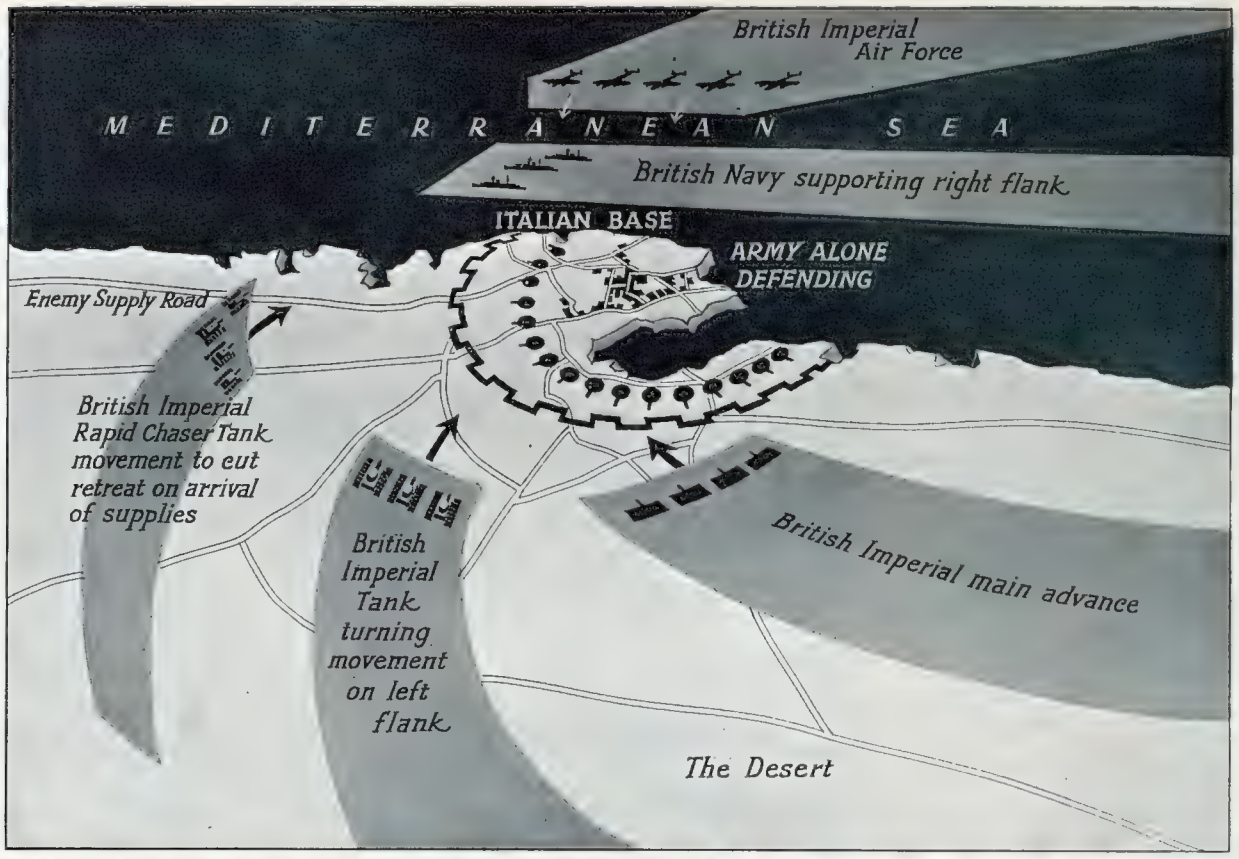
ITALY ON THE DEFENSIVE—III

ITALY'S DEFEATS in the AIR

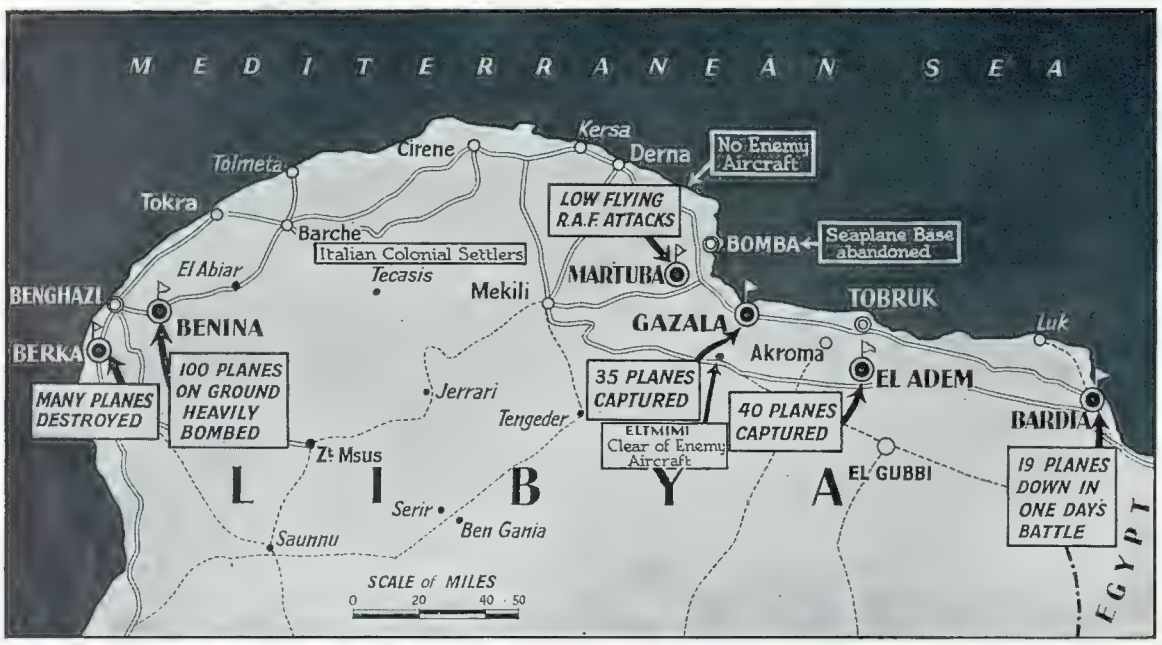
The Poor Showing of the "Regia Aeronautica" Against the R.A.F. in the Italian Zones of War

ONE of the most extraordinary happenings of this far-from-ordinary war has been the utter failure of the much-vaunted *Regia Aeronautica*. In each and every encounter with the Royal Air Force the Italians have been soundly beaten. They have failed not only in all their attempted offensive operations, but have proved themselves impotent in defence against the assaults of our bombers. In fact, in Africa the R.A.F. has gained almost a complete command of the air—a command which has done much to speed the land operations with a minimum of casualties.

This poor showing of a force which had achieved a reputation for daring and efficiency is a proof of the powers of cunning propaganda backed up with a modicum of genuine performance. Such was the success of the tale of the prowess of the Royal Italian Air Force that its threat frightened this country from a firm policy during the Abyssinian campaign.



BY SEA, LAND AND AIR — GENERAL WAVELL'S COMBINED STRATEGY IN THE LIBYAN CAMPAIGN: This is a diagrammatic exposition of the attack on Tobruk, as it is being carried out by General Wavell and the "Army of the Nile." But it is true also of the previous attacks on Sidi Barrani and Bardia. The land forces operate in three main directions—the first cuts all communications by land to the west; the second thrusts forward in a big turning movement on the left flank; whilst the main forces move up to finish the task. At the same time, the Royal Navy operates along the coast, forming a strong protection for the British right flank; and the R.A.F. co-operate in keeping the air clear of the enemy and in bombing him out of his bases farther to the west



THE ITALIAN AIR FORCE IN LIBYA—ITS VERY SORRY PLIGHT: How thoroughly the R.A.F. has done its work in North Africa is well brought home by the above diagram. The whole of this stretch of Cyrenaica is littered with wrecked aircraft, destroyed on the ground in bombing raids; in many cases, the Italians have abandoned their aerodromes entirely, finding them unworkable and untenable. The R.A.F. have, in fact, done—and done thoroughly—what the German *Luftwaffe* set out to do in Britain last autumn, and failed to achieve—bombed the enemy farther and farther back!

It drew from a shattered France a ban on British bombing operations against Italy from French aerodromes, lest Italian reprisals should be insupportable.

The true facts have been revealed only during the past few weeks of the British advance in Africa. Although the *Regia Aeronautica* has been shown up as but a shadow of its boasted power, yet to belittle it too much would overstate its weaknesses and be less than a fair tribute to our own fine forces operating against it. The Italian airmen have fought with bravery, but have been outmatched in skill and in equipment.

There seems little doubt that the Italian Air Force when it was thrown into this war was a less formidable factor in the general strategic plan than it had been four years earlier. That does not mean that it had diminished either in numbers or in the merits of its aircraft, but rather that it had advanced less far and less fast than had the air forces of Great Britain and Germany. That is partly because of the accident of periodic obsolescence; a fate that must overtake any air force which is not kept in the first flight of quality by uneconomic, but essential, expenditure of money and effort on the constant replacement of the types in service and in production.

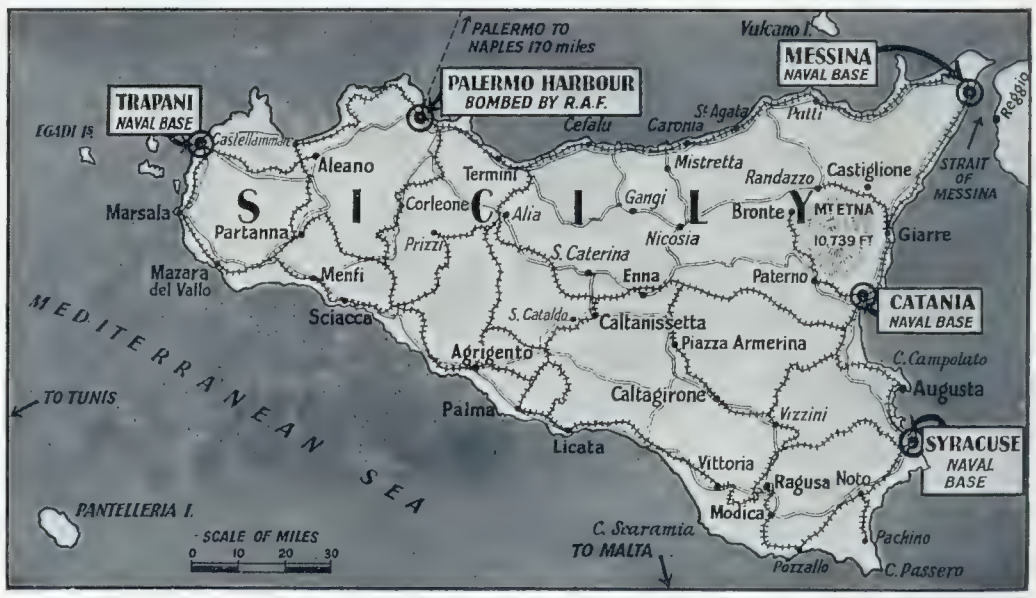
Added to this, the high reputation enjoyed by the *Regia Aeronautica* outside Italy was built up to a large extent by the achievements of a few outstanding squadrons and personalities who became over-impressive ambassadors of those which remained at home. Brilliant when inspired to individual deeds in the popular limelight, but mediocre in the dogged drudgery which wins wars, the *Regia Aeronautica* has never had its heart in this fight and so has not achieved even such successes as those who know it best might have expected of it. To see this point more clearly, let us look at the record on which the reputation of the *Regia Aeronautica* was based. Perhaps the most outstanding achievement by its most outstanding personality was the mass flight from Rome to Chicago and back led by Air Marshal Balbo in 1929. Twenty-five Savoia Marchetti S.M.55X twin-hull flying-boats took off from Orbetello, near Rome, on July 1, 1933. Twenty-three returned on August 12, having flown some 11,500 miles, including the double-crossing of the Atlantic.

Six years before, in 1927, the Royal Air Force had come into conflict with the *Regia Aeronautica* for the first time in the friendly rivalry of the Schneider Trophy Contest at Venice. Then, as now, the R.A.F. won every encounter. Victorious in 1927, the R.A.F. successfully defended the Trophy against Italy over the Solent in 1929 and "flew over" in 1931. The showing of the Italians in these encounters, although gallant, gave an indication of the true inefficiency of their organisation had it been realised.

Later, Italy gained the World's Speed Record at 423 m.p.h., having sacrificed several pilots in the effort. Thereafter record-breaking became a hobby, and in 1938 Italy gained the World's Height Record of 56,100 ft., followed in 1939 by the World's Distance Record in a Closed Circuit with a flight of 8,038 miles.

All these achievements look formidable enough in themselves. But, in fact, they were only single and long-prepared efforts, not at all representative of the Service as a whole. They typify the Italian character well in its flashes of brilliance among the slough of indifference.

On strictly military affairs the Italian campaign in Abyssinia and Italy's participation in the Spanish Civil War did much to set the Italian Staff on a false doctrine. The slow but manœuvrable biplane fighters and the fast but poorly armed three-motor bombers did well



NOW THE BASE FOR GERMAN AIRMEN—SICILY, AT THE TOE OF ITALY: The long-promised collaboration of the German *Luftwaffe* with the Italian *Regia Aeronautica* has at last begun, now that the Italians have proved themselves such poor adversaries for the R.A.F. Based on Sicily, the Germans have already begun operations by the big-scale attack on the British Fleet reported last week. Already lurid stories emanating from the island give details of the behaviour of German airmen and mechanics towards their brothers-in-arms! And already the R.A.F. has begun a series of raids on the naval and air bases on Sicily: these are reported to be located right round the island—Trapani, Mazara, Sciacca, Agrigento, Licata, Syracuse, Augusta, Catania, Messina, Palermo, and others

KEYPOINT IN CYRENAICA AND FOCUS OF THE ITALIAN EFFORT IN LIBYA—THE HARBOUR AT BENGHAZI : Occupied by the Italians in October 1911, this city is the most considerable in Libya : it stands on the Gulf of Sidra and is the capital of Cyrenaica. Its harbour, however, is shallow and exposed, and admits only light-draught vessels ; nevertheless, the Italians have based great hopes on this port, and it is the focal-point of all effort in the Province. It is now wide open to attack from the R.A.F. : should it be seriously affected by these attacks, the supply problem for the Italian forces operating in Cyrenaica will become very grave

EASTWARDS OF TOBRUK THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY CHANGES : The area through which the British forces have been advancing has, so far, consisted of typical desert country. Farther to the west, however, beyond Tobruk and on to Benghazi, the country changes its character as the plateau region is reached. From sandy wastes, the terrain changes to country of the nature of that shown here, interspersed with thorn-scrub

THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST FROM THE FRONTIER TO BENGHAZI—SHOWING ALSO THE JARABUB OASIS TO THE SOUTH OF TOBRUK, AND THE PLATEAU OF CYRENAICA

against the feeble opposition in Spain. Over Abyssinia the so-called "Disperada" squadrons had little to fear but the unreliability of their engines.

So, when the Italian fighters and bombers came up against the British Hurricanes and Blenheims, they met for the first time real air opposition—and found it very different from any previous encounters on which their tactics were based. The slow fighters, armed with but two machine-guns on the motor cowling and slowed down by the necessity for airscrew interrupter-gear, the bombers, poorly armed and quite unarmoured, could do little against our eight-gun fighters and our bombers.

This was proved decisively when a big formation of Italian bombers and fighters appeared off the English coast on November 11, bent on a raid on Harwich. They were part of the *Corporo Italia*, an expeditionary force of the *Regia Aeronautica* sent by Mussolini to Belgium to operate with the *Luftwaffe*. This force was made up of Fiat B.R.20 two-motor bombers and Fiat C.R.42 biplane fighters, with a few squadrons of the faster Fiat G.50 fighter monoplanes. These latter aeroplanes have so short a range that they could not be used against this country, in spite of the nearness of their aerodromes.

In the engagement on November 11 the Hawker Hurricanes of the Fighter Command shot down thirteen of the Italians (containing fifty-three men) without loss. The Italian pilots fought bravely, but without showing the slightest appreciation of modern air tactics.

When the British offensive began in North Africa, the *Corporo Italia* was recalled, with the exception of one fighter squadron which remains as a token of Italian "aid" to Germany. Meanwhile the Italian losses in Libya and Albania have been serious. Probably something like 700 aeroplanes have been destroyed in the air or on the ground. This represents one-sixth of Italy's total air strength and nearly half the total first-line operational strength at the beginning of the war. No air force can stand such losses and maintain its moral—least of all the Italians.

That leads us to ask whether in these circumstances the Italian Air Force can hope to protect Italy itself from devastating attacks by the R.A.F. when we have taken near bases in Africa and can turn our full attention in the Mediterranean to Italy.

Certainly we have not yet seen in action Italy's best fighters, which are kept, like the Spitfires, for the defence of the home country against daylight raids. The new Caproni Regianne "Falco" monoplane fighter—based on the design of the American Seversky—and the two-motor Breda 88, which set up a speed record of 342 m.p.h. over a 60-mile course, are being reserved on aerodromes in Italy.

Yet, beaten back to their own territory, the Italians will not be able to withstand the attacks of the R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm as our Fighter Command has withstood that of the *Luftwaffe*. Indeed, in the final offensive to knock out Italy the aircraft-carrier may well prove to be a decisive factor. With British command of the seas round Italy, intense assaults can be maintained against all the chief industrial areas.

German help is not likely to be of much avail. Operating from strange aerodromes far from their maintenance depots and in unfamiliar climate and conditions, the Germans will not be able to stem the tide of the attack sweeping up from our victorious forces of the Middle East Command, now reinforced with the newest aeroplanes and exultant with success.

ONE OF THE ITALIAN BOMBING PLANES OF THE "REGIA AERONAUTICA." NOTE THE THREE MOTORS—A LAYOUT WHICH IS NO LONGER EMPLOYED FOR MODERN FIGHTING AIRCRAFT

SUMMARY

Twelve chief types of aeroplane are being used by the Italians. They are :—

Fighters.—Fiat C.R.42 biplane. Top speed, 272 m.p.h. Fiat G.50 monoplanes. Top speed, 299 m.p.h. Macchi C.200 monoplanes. Top speed, 313 m.p.h.

Light Bombers.—Breda 65 monoplanes. Top speed, 265 m.p.h. Breda 88 monoplanes. Top speed, 320 m.p.h.

Army Co-operation.—Meridionali Ro.37 biplane. Top speed, 201 m.p.h.

Bombers.—Fiat B.R.20 two-motor monoplane. Top speed, 265 m.p.h. Savoia Marchetti S.M.79 three-motor monoplane. Top speed, 274 m.p.h. Savoia Marchetti S.M.81 three-motor monoplane. Top speed, 211 m.p.h. Cant Z.1007 bis three-motor monoplane. Top speed, 280 m.p.h.

Flying-boat.—Cant Z.501 bis. Single-motor monoplane. Top speed, 177 m.p.h.

Float-seaplane Torpedo Bomber.—Cant Z.506B. three-motor monoplane. Top speed, 226 m.p.h.

The total strength of the *Regia Aeronautica* at the time Italy entered the war was about 4,000 aeroplanes, of which some 1,500 were in operational squadrons.

The Italian Air Force is divided up into five air fleets, and there are Air Force Commands in Sardinia, the Dodecanese Islands, Albania and Italian East Africa. Two new commands have been organised, one for parachute troops and the other for the carrying of supplies. Much material has been transported from Italy to Libya by this command, including dismantled Fiat C.R.42 fighters in S.M.82 transport monoplanes.

Recently Italian squadrons have been equipped with Junkers Ju.87 dive-bombers. New types include the Falco 1 fighter and Piaggio P.50 and P.123 three-motor bombers.

THE WIDE SWEEP OF SOLLUM BAY AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY GENERAL WAVELL'S ARMY : After the fall of Sidi Barrani, and in the general onward sweep to Bardia and Tobruk, it was inevitable that Sollum should fall into British hands. Although it was used by the Italians for shipping and for naval purposes, it is likely that Bardia—with its much finer harbour—will be more used than Sollum in subsequent operations in Libya. Nevertheless, Sollum was highly prized by the enemy and was used for watering, and other purposes. This picture shows the sweep of coastline at this point, with British naval vessels at anchor in the bay

AT SOLLUM : A BRITISH MEDICAL OFFICER (HIMSELF WOUNDED) SUPERVISES THE EVACUATION OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS. THEY ARE BEING SHIPPED FROM SOLLUM BY NIGHT AND DURING AN ENEMY AIR RAID

IN SOLLUM AFTER THE ITALIANS HAD BEEN DRIVEN OUT. ONLY BATTERED BUILDINGS NOW REMAIN AFTER INCESSANT ATTACKS FROM THE SEA AND AIR

ITALY ON THE DEFENSIVE—IV

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE WESTERN DESERT

THE WALLED OASIS OF JARABUB, IN THE LIBYAN DESERT, SURROUNDED BY BRITISH FORCES : This Italian fortress-oasis lies in the desert about 180 miles to the south-east of Bardia. It was occupied by the Italians some time ago—presumably as a jumping-off point for the Siwa oasis and a possible thrust towards Wadi-Halfa and the Sudan. With the fall of Bardia, however, and the cutting off of supplies from that port, Jarabub has become an isolated outpost : at the moment of writing it has been surrounded by British forces and it is difficult to see how it can hold out much longer. When Jarabub *does* fall it will be another blow to Italian prestige amongst the Bedouin

HAMMER BLOWS AT THE ITALIANS

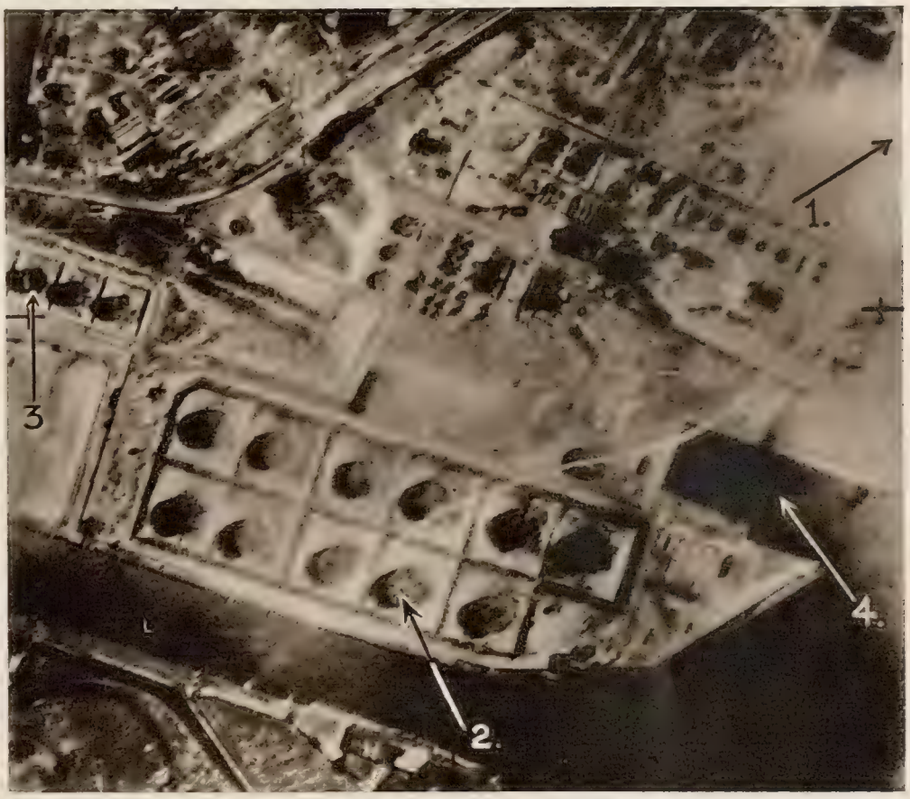
Pictures from Venice, Albania and Libya

THE CAPTURE OF ARGYROCASTRO BY THE GREEKS: CAVALRY MOVING THROUGH THE OUTSKIRTS TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE TOWN

LORRIES CAPTURED BY THE GREEKS FROM THE ITALIANS IN ALBANIA: THIS CONVOY HAD COMPLETELY BLOCKED THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

AT THE TAKING OF ARGYROCASTRO: SOLDIERS EXAMINING ITALIAN RIFLES FOUND IN THE WRECKAGE OF A BUILDING

SMALL ITALIAN TANKS CAPTURED BY THE GREEKS AND BEING DRIVEN AWAY FOR FURTHER USE BY THE CAPTORS



AIR-RAID DAMAGE ON OIL STORES NEAR VENICE—AN OFFICIAL AIR MINISTRY PHOTOGRAPH: This night picture was taken during an attack on targets near Venice, which is now figuring in the list of Italian military objectives. It shows an oil refinery and oil storage depots at Porto Marghera during a bombing raid by the R.A.F. Damage has been done to oil tanks and a large fire started in the target area, the smoke from which obscures the major part of the area covered. At (1) a fire, just off the picture, is burning in the corner of the target area; at (2) a large oil tank has been partly destroyed; (3) shows a medium-sized tank, gutted; and (4) a 250-ft. tanker, lying at the quayside, apparently on fire

IN THE WESTERN DESERT: A GROUP OF ITALIAN PRISONERS CAPTURED IN LIBYA, ABOUT TO BE EMBARKED ON A PRISONER-OF-WAR TRANSPORT FOR EGYPT. MANY PRISONERS WERE CONVEYED BY THE SEA ROUTE ALONG THE COAST

A GROUP OF ITALIAN PRISONERS FROM THE LIBYAN DESERT WITH BRITISH R.A.F. OFFICERS: ON THE RIGHT AN R.A.F. INTELLIGENCE OFFICER IS HAVING A WORD WITH ONE OF THE CAPTURED MEN

BOMBING BY DAY AND BY NIGHT BY THE R.A.F.

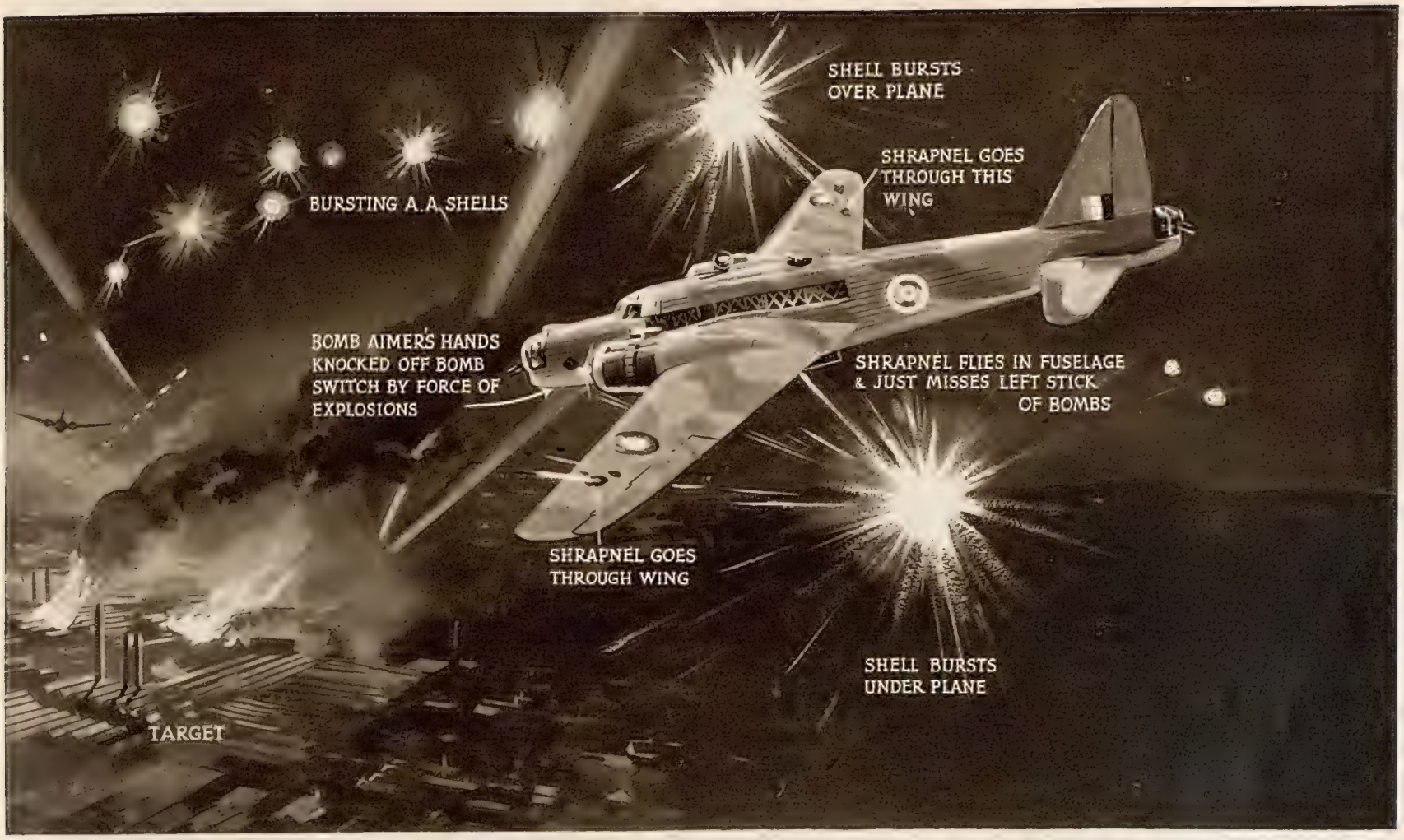
Pictures by Mr. Roland Davies, "Sphere" Artist, in Illustration of the Never-Ceasing Work of British Bombers and Fighters

DAY— BRITAIN'S FIRST MASS RAID BY DAYLIGHT ON AERODROMES IN NORTHERN FRANCE : A Polish pilot takes the initiative at Guines

On Friday, January 10, the R.A.F. made a new departure in its offensive strategy. For the first time a strong combined force of bombers and escorting fighters made a heavy attack *in daylight* on enemy aerodromes in Northern France. During the course of this, aircraft on the ground and German troops were machine-gunned, fires were started in the woods, and high explosives and incendiaries were dropped on other objectives ; three enemy fighters were shot down, *and all our aircraft got back safely*. This operation has been hailed as the beginning of a never-ceasing attack *by day and by night* by the R.A.F., and it has been taken to demonstrate our growing might in the air. The incident depicted by Mr. Roland Davies above occurred during the return flight of the raiders : a Polish pilot, flying one of the escorting Hurricanes, saw a number of Henschel Army Co-operation aircraft on the ground in a corner of the aerodrome at Guines la Plage. He dived down and flew across the aerodrome at ground-level. With all eight guns blazing, he left destruction in his trail before climbing away—to bring down a Messerschmitt 109 later

—AND NIGHT : A BRITISH NIGHT-FIGHTER, A HURRICANE, INTERCEPTS AND DESTROYS A GERMAN HEINKEL RAIDER, which is shown up by the glow of fires below

Much progress has been made during past weeks in the difficult task of night interception. This has been disclosed by the recent award of the D.F.C. and D.F.M. to two night-fighter pilots, who have been successful in destroying enemy aircraft at night. The difficulties confronting the fighter on these occasions are immense, but the fact that more than forty raiders have been shot down in the past twelve weeks by night-fighters shows that they are not insuperable. The incident depicted above shows the fate of a Heinkel bomber during an incendiary attack. Illuminated by the glow of the fires below, the enemy's position was given away to the fighter pilot. With one swift dive, with all guns blazing, he tore his prey to pieces in a devastating broadside attack. The problem of night interception is still being closely studied ; there can be little doubt that—ultimately—some complete defence against night bombing will be discovered



THE BOMBING OF BERLIN ON THE LONGEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR: A narrow squeak for the crew of a British Wellington

On the longest night of the year, when Berlin was covered in snow, our heavy bombers were over the city both early and late. The weather seems to have steadily improved during the night: soon after ten o'clock some pilots found the weather "fairly good"; there was no cloud. the moon shone brightly, and the visibility could not have been better. Early in the night an aircraft factory was attacked: fires lit by the first bomber guided its successors. In order to attack this factory it was necessary to penetrate a particularly heavy barrage of anti-aircraft fire. A burst came just below one aircraft and hit it with "a deuce of a smack," as the captain put it. The last bombs were still on, shrapnel was bursting around, and the target was now at its best. The captain kept control and held on his course until the bombing was finished. It was only when the aircraft was examined that he and his crew realised what an escape they had had. Pieces of shrapnel had gone through each wing and another had just missed the left stick of bombs. The bomb-aimer, who had been aware of the intensity of the enemy's fire, said: "Just before we dropped our last stick a shell burst overhead. Then another burst underneath. I felt stunned for a moment and thought the cockpit was on fire. My hands had been knocked off the bomb-switch just as I was about to release the last stick. I recovered in a second and, realising that some '*flak*' might get the bombs any second, found my target again and let them have it"

"LIGHTS ON" OVER THE TARGET AREA—GOOD WORK OVER NORWAY WHICH EARNED A D.F.C. PILOT THE D.S.O.

Wing Commander R. A. McMurtie, of No. 269 Squadron, who already held the D.F.C., has just been awarded the D.S.O. as well, for his determined leadership and sound judgment when—in a period of five days—he led three separate bombing missions against a target over sixty miles inside Norway. On one of these occasions, after locating and attacking his objective, he remained flying in the target area with his lights burning to assist subsequent aircraft in finding the target—despite that by doing this he was disclosing his exact position to the anti-aircraft gunners

THE R.A.F. OVER GERMANY

Hitting the Enemy where it Hurts Most—A Wonderful Record of Achievement

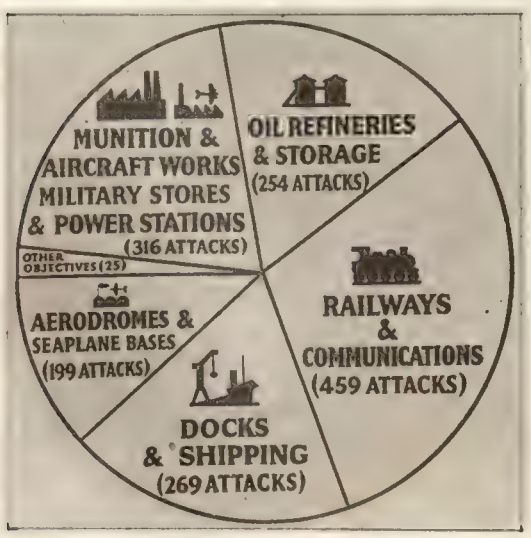
THE increasing intensity of Britain's air offensive against Germany is revealed in maps just published for display all over the country by the Ministry of Information. These bring up to date the similar information issued at the end of September and show that in the three months October-December 1940 the number of raids by British aircraft on German territory was more than half the total number of raids in the entire preceding thirteen months of the war. At the end of September the number of target-area attacks recorded was approximately 900. At the beginning of this year the figures stood at over 1,400.

The word "attack" here means the bombing of a particular target area containing one or more different types of objectives. Several such area attacks are, of course, usually made in a single night's operations. The classified list of bombed objectives over the sixteen months' period exceeds 1,500. The number of individual towns involved in attacks is over 270.

Evidence of the precision of British bombing tactics and of the clear-cut policy underlying it is provided by comparing the map showing where the raids have been carried out with a map showing the location of Germany's principal war industries. The similarity between the two is striking in the extreme.

The heart of Germany's production machine—despite all frantic efforts to move its vulnerable factories eastward—is the congested Ruhr area, with Krupps' great home-town, Essen, at its centre, and dozens of other important munition-making towns and railway centres, from Munster in the north to Cologne in the south. Over 500 raids of the total of 1,400 up to the beginning of this year have been carried out successfully inside this heavily-defended area. This onslaught on the Ruhr is one of the most striking facts indicated by this new map since, whilst raids over the rest of Germany increased by some 50 per cent. in the last three months of 1940, those on the Ruhr factories were increased by two-thirds in this period.

THE RUHR AREA—INDUSTRIAL HEART OF GERMANY—WHERE ALONE 500 RAIDS HAVE BEEN MADE



THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF OBJECTIVES BOMBED DURING THE COURSE OF 1,400 RAIDS

RAIDS OVER GERMANY UP TO JANUARY 1, 1941: In the Ruhr alone over 500 raids have been carried out. This area is shown in detail *on the left*: The map *on the right* should be compared with the large map above—which demonstrates how the R.A.F. raids have followed the pattern of Germany's industrial regions

The whole of the Ruhr area lies within a radius 350 miles from London, but Germany's two other greatest munitions areas are set deeper into enemy territory. A hundred miles higher up the Rhine and stretching from Frankfurt-am-Main to Stuttgart, with Mannheim at its centre, is another heavily industrialised region, important also for its chemical works and oil refineries. One town in this area—Mannheim—has had 34 raids. This is equalled in the Ruhr by Duisburg-Ruhrort (35), Cologne (55), the Ruhr oil centre, Gelsenkirchen (40), and, of course, the railway centre, Hamm.

More difficult still to reach is Germany's other great centre of munition works and oil plants in the Leipzig area, some 200 miles east of the Ruhr. The great synthetic oil industry there is based on the lignite or brown coal deposits of Saxony. The famous hydrogenation plant at Leuna, near Leipzig, normally has a production of up to half a million tons of synthetic oil a year. It has received some of the heaviest air attacks delivered by the R.A.F. Magdeburg, which has had 19 raids, is another of the most important centres of the synthetic oil industry. This industry produces the bulk of the supplies of aviation spirit for the German Air Force. Plants in various parts of Germany producing 90 per cent. of her total output of synthetic oil have been subjected to air attack.

Even farther afield is another of Germany's important oil centres, at Pölitz, near Stettin, at the mouth of the Oder. A raid on Pölitz means a round trip of well over 1,300 miles, but it has nevertheless been bombed half a dozen times. Whilst, naturally, there are many points of military significance in Berlin, it is clear that the intensity of attacks on the capital city is governed by the same practical considerations of practical strategy as are revealed in the map as a whole.

Amongst the towns hardest hit are the shipping centres of North Germany. Her two greatest ports, Hamburg and Bremen, had been attacked up to the first day of this year 61 times and 52 times respectively.

HOW GERMANY'S MAIN WAR INDUSTRIES ARE LOCATED: Compare this with the larger map above

Kiel has had 32 visits, Wilhelmshaven 36, and Emden 27.

Disruption of communications is hardly less important than destruction of war materials, and heavy toll has been taken by the R.A.F.

An analysis of the raids, according to the more than 1,500 objectives named in the communiqués, reveals that over a quarter of them have been attacks on railways and marshalling yards. Ships, docks and canals account for another sixth. The largest number—more than a third of the total—is made up of attacks on munition and aircraft factories, oil refineries, oil storage plants and power stations. Aerodromes also figure prominently. The map deals only with Germany proper and does not include the hundreds of raids carried out on aerodromes in German-occupied territories.

The EMPEROR PREPARES for the INVASION of ABYSSINIA

"My chiefs only await the signal to march against the Italians: I have the full support of Britain," said Haile Selassie, Emperor of Abyssinia. Already 500 chieftains, representative of almost all Abyssinia, have rallied to the side of their Emperor, and with British aid they are determined to overthrow the rule of their hated Italian conquerors. The Emperor is now in the Sudan, where these pictures were taken

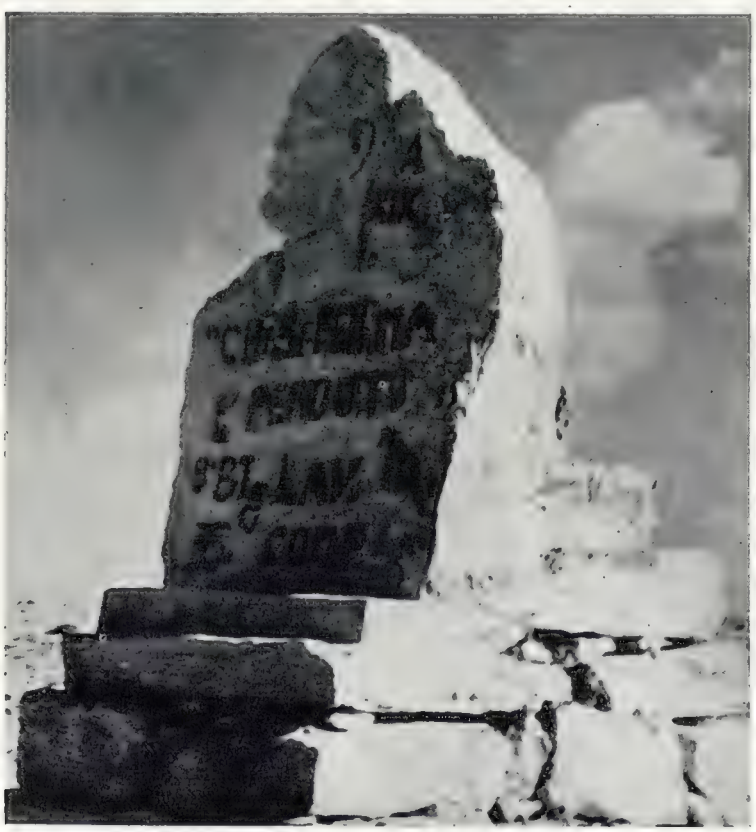
THE EMPEROR TAKES THE SALUTE AT A MARCH-PAST OF ABYSSINIAN TROOPS IN THE SUDAN. AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION RIDES THE CROWN PRINCE. *Above*—ABYSSINIAN NATIVES BEATING THE WAR-DRUMS IN GOJJAM

WITH BRITISH OFFICERS ATTACHED TO THE ABYSSINIAN UNITS IN THE SUDAN, THE EMPEROR REVIEWS HIS WELL-CLOTHED AND WELL-ARMED FORCES NOW PREPARING FOR THE INVASION OF ABYSSINIA

HAILE SELASSIE, IN KHAKI UNIFORM, WITH A BRITISH OFFICER IN THE SUDAN

THE EMPRESS PREPARES TO JOIN THE EMPEROR: IN LONDON WITH THE PRINCESS TENGONE

FASCIST BRAGGADOCIO in LIBYA and SICILY



BRAGGADOCIO IN THE DESERT: A monument to Mussolini found by the British forces on the Sollum Road. The inscription reads, "He who halts is lost." The "A XIX" signifies that the monument was erected in the nineteenth year of Fascism

Ever since the accession to power of Mussolini, all sorts of extravagances have been encouraged to support the idea of the Duce's grandeur and wisdom. Throughout Italy there are huge posters declaring that "Mussolini is always right"—a difficult thing to reconcile with the present reverses being suffered by Italy in every theatre of war at the moment. In Libya, our forces have encountered other ridiculous slogans and emblems such as the two reproduced here

ON THE WALL OF A HOUSE AT BARDIA: "Rex-Dux" or "King-Leader," with a very youthful-looking portrait of Mussolini, painted on a wall before the collapse of the "Bastion of Fascism" in Libya

A RIDICULOUS SLOGAN IN SICILY: One of many stuck up throughout Italy—possibly by some ardent, office-seeking Fascist partisan. It states that "Mussolini is always right"

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALL-IMPORTANT BOMBER COMMAND AT HIS DESK: Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C., is one of the youngest of the heads of the R.A.F.: he is only forty-eight years of age, and combines a tremendous enthusiasm and driving force with a thorough understanding of his job. He was Air Officer commanding the British Forces in Palestine and Transjordania from 1933 to 1936, and is a believer in hitting hard and often. Even in a Service which knows how to reward merit, his record and rise have been outstanding. Last April, and exactly twenty-seven years to the day after he had taken his flying licence, he was appointed Vice Chief of Air Staff, to share the burden with Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall of the supreme direction of the R.A.F. in the greatest struggle with which Britain has ever been faced. Before that, from 1937, he had been Deputy Chief of the Air Staff and Director of Operations and Intelligence. Sir Richard Peirse is the son of an admiral: when he began his flying career he chose to go into the R.N.A.S. His first bombing experience at the controls of his own aircraft was over Ostend and Zeebrugge in the early part of the 1914-18 War. Evidence of the aggressive nature of the Bomber Command operations is supplied in full on page 120 of this issue, where details are given of the raids carried out in past months by this arm over enemy territory

AIR COMMENTARY—By C. G. GRE
(Founder of "The Aeroplane")

CONVOYS, CADETS and THINGS . .

Correspondents Have Their Own Ideas on th Sea War: And Comment on the New Schem for Training Young Air Personnel

NOTES in these pages on the air escort of ship-convoys have brought me unexpected correspondence. I did not hope for so much support for the suggestion that air patrol of the whole steamship lane to the United States is a better scheme than herding ships in sheep-like flocks to be attacked by sea-wolves on the surface, over it, and under it.

Correspondents range all the way from a post-script which says: "I wish more would join you in the attack against convoys," to quite elaborate plans of air patrols on a big scale.

One writer wants to use autogiros—those quaint, but quite useful, aircraft which are kept in the air, by rotating vanes, which look like gigantic horizontal airscrews, but are not. His idea is that they could take off from and alight on platforms built on to armed ocean liners, and that as they can fly very slowly, they could survey the sea-lanes more thoroughly.

I do not like this scheme much, because, to keep watch on the lane, the patrols ought to fly as fast as possible: (*a*) to survey the most water in the shortest time, and (*b*) to catch submarines before they can dive, and to catch surface-raiders before they can disappear over, or under, the horizon. For straight convoy work, autogiros might be useful. But they would be quite defenceless against attack from above, because they could not fire up through their own rotor-blades (by using an interrupter gear) fast enough to answer the 1,000 or 1,200 shots a minute of a modern fighter.

One correspondent's scheme fascinates me, because it revives an idea on which I was quite keen years ago, as an aid to trans-oceanic flying before Short Brothers, backed by Mr. George Woods-Humphery, then managing director of Imperial Airways, Ltd., produced the Empire flying-boats, from which our great Sunderland sea-patrol flying-boats have been evolved. That scheme is the use of floating islands—"seadromes," as they were, and are, called.

In the water they would look as if a gigantic pier had broken loose from a seaside town, and planted itself in mid-ocean. Briefly, they would consist of an immense platform, anything from 1,000 ft. to perhaps 2,000 ft. long, and perhaps half as wide, standing on legs, properly called piers, which would be carried on cylindrical floats, mostly well below the surface.

One idea (American) is to submerge the floats so deeply that they would be below the level of wave-movement. Waves are only the effect of wind on the surface tension of water, and, even when they are Atlantic rollers alleged to be 30 ft. high, they are only superficial. The deep-down water does not move about—so the "seadrome" people say.

The other idea (Nova Scotian) depends on the design, proportion and disposal of the cylinders to balance out, or cancel out, the wave motion. The designer—I do not like calling people inventors, too many of them are wild or crazy—is Mr. F. G. Creed, and he is most convincing.

Anyhow, given "seadromes" which work, we could have a string of them, a few hundreds of miles apart, right across the Atlantic—at a mere million pounds apiece, against nine or ten millions for one battleship, or perhaps six millions for an aircraft-carrier. Each would carry forty or fifty aeroplanes, and a special breed of catapult for use in calm weather, and big enough guns to defend itself, in case a commerce-raider or pocket battleship crept up to it in thick weather. And the structure would be difficult for torpedoes to smash, if a submarine did get within range.

My own idea was to have big flying-boats patrolling the steamer lane from Ireland and from Newfoundland, meeting in mid-Atlantic and going home to sleep. And to have two or three of our new, practically unsinkable carriers scouting north and south of the lane to assure that no raider came in daylight within the distance which it could steam in the period of darkness.

That would work quite well. But "seadromes" in fixed positions much closer together, carrying many more aeroplanes at a fraction of the cost, is a better scheme. And, another thing, they would be used as refuelling places for aeroplanes flying from Canada—fighters, medium bombers and so forth—which might not carry enough petrol for the full journey. Or they would be useful emergency landing-places in case of mechanical troubles in a non-stop bomber.

The Germans made quite a good film round the idea of such a floating aerodrome, so the notion is not new to them. Fortunately for us, it is of no use to them, but it could be very useful to us—if we were to develop it during the next four or five years of the war. In fact, if anybody went at it full out, without official hindrance, all needful experiments on a quarter-scale model could be made, and a full-size "seadrome" built before the end of this year.

But will it? Only the Admiralty or the A Ministry can answer that question. But what lovely subject for debate between the Navy and th Air Force! Would a floating aerodrome, not sel propelled, be the property of the Fleet Air Arm, R. or of the Coastal Command, R.A.F.? As it would l permanently anchored it ought to be in the sam class as a floating slipway at a seaplane statio R.A.F. But as it would be all deck—with quarte stores, hangars and so forth in among the piers—would obviously have a quarterdeck as well, a therefore would be the Navy's affair.

So I commend it to their Lordships of th Admiralty and to the Members of the Air Counc Whichever made it work and put the submarin out of business, would have such a laugh over t other who turned it down as a crazy invention. Qu reminiscent of the good old days of the R.N.A.S. a the R.F.C., is it not? And competition is not on good for trade, it is good for scientific, technic engineering and practical developments.

This same subject of Atlantic convoys has als naturally, brought me argument and recriminatio from Ireland—two letters from friends of my schoo days in Dublin in the Dark Ages, from whom I ha not heard for years. Those were the days whe Ireland was a peaceful country, between the Fenian an the Sinn Fein periods, and one of the chief occupation of the Royal Irish Constabulary in their barrack was making illegal pneumatic tyres, which infringe the Dunlop patents.

Apparently, the South of Ireland people, althou they live in Eire, or Eirann, which is very like Er of old, do not like being called Eirish—just one let in front, and their own addition at that—seems annoy them. Only when the Irishman goes abro and sees life does he rid himself of his insularit Remember that pathetic poem, of American origin?

> "There came to this land a poor exile from Erin,
> The dew on his wet robe was heavy and chill.
> Ere the steamer that brought him had passed
> out of hearin',
> He was Alderman Mike 'inthrojuicin' a Bill."

Perhaps now that Erin has been bombed, somebo will introduce a Bill declaring a state of war wit Germany. Or will the war go on without declaratio as in China?

The position is that legally, as one of my schoo fellows points out, from a considerable legal eminenc we "base, bloody and brutal Saxons" have not leg to stand on in our claims to Berehaven and Bu crana. And the answer to that simply is that "t Law is a hass," that "all's fair in love and war," a that South Ireland cannot expect us to protect In shipping or cargoes if Ireland prevents our seagoi aircraft and warships from working from Irish bas So that is that.

By the way. THE SPHERE gets about in a w which astonishes me. A last-war pilot friend mine, a Canadian, wrote from Toronto lately sayi that, a few days before, he had to give a talk on to an important local organisation, Rotary Club such. Like Sir Philip Joubert, he was too busy prepare his talk, and he found himself on the d without anything to say. Still, wishing to appe respectable, he went to the best local barber to his hair cut. Waiting his turn, he picked up t just-arrived copy of THE SPHERE, and in it fou enough air talk to provide as much material as wanted. It makes one think of "How far this lit

REPORTED TO BE THE FASTEST FIGHTER PLANE IN THE WORLD: A new picture, just received from America, of Vought-Sikorsky fighter plane in flight, with wings of curiously gull-like appearance. This aircraft—designed for flying fr the deck of a seaplane-carrier—is stated to be the fastest fighter in the world

THE ACCOLADE—POLISH FASHION: General Sikorsky, the Polish Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, has just presented the Virtuti Militari—Poland's highest military honour—to three British Squadron Leaders for deeds of the highest gallantry as leaders of Polish fighter squadrons. Here the General is saluting Squadron Leader R. J. Kellett, D.S.O., D.F.C., after bestowing on him the decoration. Squadron Leader J. A. Kent, D.F.C., A.F.C., is on the right. The Polish effort in the air (quite apart from the very considerable work now being done by Polish land forces in the North and by the Polish Navy at sea) has been admirable. Polish pilots have been flying continuously—in the defence of London, in raids over Northern France, and on patrol elsewhere: they have proved themselves to be among the best

candle sheds its beams. So shines a good deed in a *naughty* world."

Now, about those Cadets. On January 10, our esteemed Secretary of State for Air, Sir Archibald Sinclair, announced that the Air Defence Cadet Corps scheme, which was started by Air Commodore Adrian Chamier a year or so before war was declared, when he was Secretary-General of the Air League of the British Empire, is to be developed into a Pre-entry Air Training Corps "to provide pre-entry training for candidates for air-crew and technical duties."

Air Commodore Chamier, C.M.G., D.S.O., was a regular soldier before the last war. He did very well in France, and showed that he was a born leader and organiser. After the war he commanded R.A.F. units in India and on the North-west Frontier. He came home to a technical job under Sir John Higgins, Air Member for Supply and Research, and saved many lives by insisting on having Handley Page slots fitted to Bristol Fighters and Armstrong Atlases, which, as overloaded in peacetime by the R.A.F., had a tendency to spin into the ground. Later he joined Vickers, Ltd., and then became Secretary-General of the Air League, where he made a moribund institution into a great success.

You have, I hope, read all about the new Training Corps in the daily papers at the time. Briefly, it is a "three-decker" scheme. Units are to be formed at universities, at public schools (that is, private schools, as the Americans like to remind us), and at secondary schools (which *are* public schools). Some men are born equal, and some have equality thrust upon them, as a philosopher did *not* say—which is good for the Old School Tie.

Just to remove some of the snobbishness of *the* University Squadrons, the minor and the modern universities are to have squadrons as well as Oxford, Cambridge and London. Durham and St. Andrews (which I believe claim to be pre-Oxford-and-Cambridge) among the minor, but ancient, and Manchester, Glasgow and Leeds among the big, but modern—I wonder why Birmingham and Bristol, two great aircraft cities, are not in the list.

These people will get higher training for commissioned rank. Schoolboys, and the rather older youngsters of the original Air Defence Cadet Corps, will be trained in local units to be good airmen, and will have to trust to luck and their own ability to get commissions.

I only hope that the local units will be in charge of competent people, and not of the local "butchers, bakers and candle-stick makers," who, in some instances, have rushed in to get some air publicity for themselves, and have never done a thing for the Cadets. There are plenty of ex-R.A.F. officers who will give a hand at inculcating the elements of air training and discipline if given a chance.

The A.D.C.C. was fine when it started, but when war was declared and Air Commodore Chamier had to go back to the R.A.F., the Corps nearly fell to pieces. There was no Commanding Officer, and Mr. Taylor, who had to do secretary for the Air League and the A.D.C.C., had no executive authority, though he kept the youngsters supplied with excellent literature.

Now Air Commodore Chamier has been appointed Commandant of the whole show, and Mr. J. F. Wolfenden, hitherto Head Master of Uppingham, is to be Director of Pre-entry Training. Full credit should be given to Air Commodore Chamier for originating the idea.

And, incidentally, some credit should go to Mr. Burehall, a master at Taunton School, and the committee of the Norfolk and Norwich Flying Club, who, years ago, started the Public Schools Aviation Holiday Camp at the Norwich Aerodrome, which really started a practical interest in flying in the Public Schools. Also that Holiday Camp has supplied some very fine young officers to the R.A.F.

But—there is something many of us want to know. Among all this drive for young pilots and accelerated training, has the Air Ministry lost sight of those hundreds—I could lay hands on a dozen or more myself—of first-class young men who rushed to join the R.A.F. in the first days or weeks or months of the war to become pilots, and are now, a year or more later, either training as gunners or radio men or navigators, or just sweeping sheds or doing odd jobs round camps as "aircraft hands" because they have no trade?

I know several who, after spending months, when they should have spent only weeks, at an Initial Training Wing, merely learning "how to handle their feet"—as the Irish soldiers used to say—because there was no room for them in the Elementary Flying Training Schools during the *Sitzkrieg*, while there were no casualties, were sent to ordinary operational stations to do odd jobs of no importance. There they forgot their drill, their mathematics, their book knowledge, of navigation and other things. They got no physical jerks, and no route marches. So they grew mentally and physically flabby, and of less use than before they enlisted, because they lost their enthusiasm.

Many were public-school men of the best class. They enlisted because they were told that commissions could only be got through the ranks. And since then they have seen all sorts of queer people appointed to all sorts of queer jobs as commissioned officers. Definitely that sort of thing is not good enough.

The Air Ministry ought to set competent people to work to dig those men out of the ranks and give them a fair chance of becoming pilots before flinging commissions around haphazard to youngsters—however good—who only joined a few weeks ago.

AN ITALIAN C.R.42, BELONGING TO THE CRACK "MAILED LEG" SQUADRON, LEFT PRACTICALLY INTACT ON SOLLUM AERODROME

THIS S.79 LANDED ON THE EDGE OF SIDI BARRANI AERODROME AFTER BEING SHOT UP BY OUR FIGHTERS. THREE OF THE CREW WERE DEAD, AND THE OTHERS WERE MADE PRISONERS

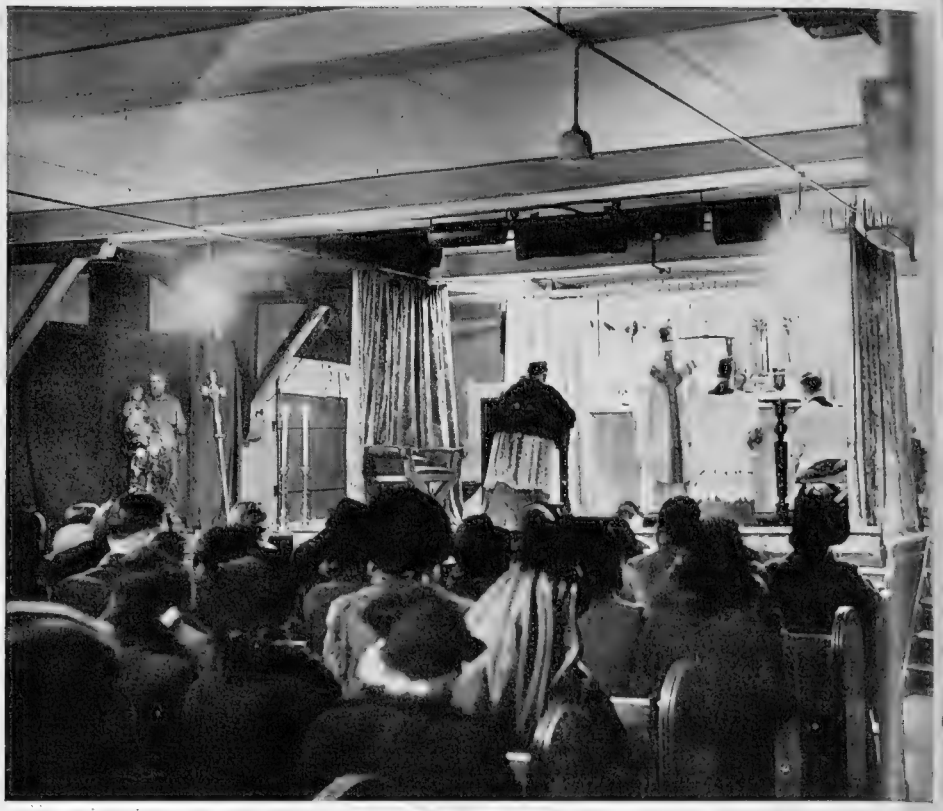
AN ITALIAN FIGHTER WHICH CRASHED NEAR BUK-BUK AFTER AN AIR BATTLE. NOTE THE BULLET-HOLES IN THE UPPER WING

THIS BREDA 65 WAS BURNED OUT ON THE GROUND AT FORT CAPUZZO

ITALIAN WRECKAGE IN THE WESTERN DESERT: These four pictures are part of a series of photographs which tell their own graphic story of the havoc caused by the R.A.F. among the Italian Air Force during the battles in Libya. They were taken during a single day's tour along what the Italians called "The Road to Victory"—the metalled highway they had built from Sollum to Sidi Barrani—and on Fort Capuzzo Aerodrome, a few miles from Bardia. These are only a very few of the hundreds (literally) of enemy aircraft destroyed in the air and on the ground by the R.A.F.

WAR-TIME WORK IN LONDON

A V.C. GENERAL'S WIFE AS CLUB SUPERVISOR : Mrs. Freyberg, wife of General B. C. Freyberg, V.C., who is in command of the New Zealand troops in Egypt, is supervisor at the New Zealand Club in Charing Cross Road in London. She has been responsible for organising the staff of seventy volunteer helpers, and has done much to redecorate the Club. These premises—now taken over for war work—were formerly the home of the Italian Fascists of London. Here Mrs. Freyberg is seen (in centre) with Mrs. O. L. Carden Sibley (left) and Mrs. W. P. Dunlop



A CHURCH SERVICE HELD IN A MANCHESTER FACTORY : The Bishop of Salford is here seen (on the left of the Altar) saying Mass in a glass factory in the Manchester area. Fifty-one years ago, the Church of Corpus Christi, at Miles Platting, Manchester, began its services in this factory: penny by penny the congregation subscribed for its church. It was built next door: during a recent raid in this district, however, bombs wrecked the edifice, so now the services are once more being held in the factory

THE AUSTRALIAN COMMANDER'S SISTER-IN-LAW IS AN AMBULANCE DRIVER IN LONDON : Mrs. Muriel Mackay is sister-in-law of Major-General Iven Mackay, who led the Australians into Bardia : she is playing her part in the war effort as an ambulance driver in London. In Sydney the General's wife and daughter have joined ambulance units ; and for some time the whole family have been trying to get out East in order to serve with the Australian troops. Major-General Mackay fought in the last war at Gallipoli, and when the war was over he became a school-teacher at Cranbrook, Australia. Here Mrs. Mackay is seen with a stretcher party in London inspecting a piece of an incendiary bomb which fell on their station recently

"HANDS UP TO JOIN THE R.A.F."—AND EVERY HAND WAS RAISED !—An inspiriting sight in a classroom at the famous Latymer School in London. When the boys were asked who of them wanted to join the Air Force under the new Training Scheme, every hand was raised. Under this scheme, boys of sixteen, straight from school, can be trained for future service in the air

A HOSPITAL'S MOBILE UNIT ENTERTAINS THE A.F.S. : St. Mary's Hospital at Paddington and the First Aid Post there have a "mobile unit" of entertainers. They have just given a Grand Concert to the men of the A.F.S. and the Royal College of Surgeons. Here are three of the artistes in their costumes—left to right : Miss D. Townsend, Miss R. Ambler and Mrs. Bridget Garvey

PAY DAY FOR AN ARMY MUSICAL SHOW : Just over six months ago, Captain T. Y. Benyon, R.A., formed his "Blue Pencils"—an Army musical revue. All the talent came from one Brigade, and the company includes a bank manager, artist, chemist, insurance agent and a stockbroker amongst others. The men, being in the Army, receive normal Army pay ; performances to the troops are free, whilst the public pay ordinary prices. Night after night the "House Full" notice goes up ; any profit, after all the expenses have been paid, goes to Army charities. Captain Benyon, who has had much experience as a producer and stage manager in private life, is here seen paying his company at the conclusion of one of their Friday night shows

LONDON'S EVACUEES IN THE COUNTRY

THIS IS WHAT EVACUATION MEANS TO LONDONERS: CHILDREN FROM BLACKFRIARS, ESCORTED BY THEIR TEACHER, MRS. DOBBS, OUT FOR A WALK IN THE DORSETSHIRE VILLAGE WHICH IS NOW THEIR HOME

MRS. VINCENT, THE BABIES' TEACHER, SUPERVISING A CLASS: The conditions under which children evacuated from danger areas now live in a Dorsetshire village are illustrated in these two pictures. The children come from Blackfriars in South London. They are now living happily in new homes in Dorset—far away from the bombing and from scenes of devastation. They have their own teachers and are supremely happy in their new country surroundings

FOURPENNY LUNCHES FOR EVACUATED CHILDREN AT BOGNOR: Between one hundred and one hundred and fifty two-course fourpenny lunches are served every day at a canteen at Bognor Regis run by the Women's Voluntary Service to children evacuated from London. Second helpings cost an extra penny! Mothers, also, can have lunch at the canteen for sixpence; and arrangements are being made whereby fathers working in London can come and join their families there at any time for lunch on payment of a similar sum

A FISHERMAN ON THE RIVER ARUN, NEAR PULBOROUGH, BREAKS THE ICE TO BEGIN HIS DAY'S WORK DURING THE RECENT SPELL OF COLD WEATHER IN BRITAIN

A FAIRY-LIKE SETTING FOR ARMY TRAINING IN SCOTLAND: SUNSHINE AND DEEP SNOW DURING THE COLD SPELL OF SOME WEEKS AGO

AN ARMY CAR MAKES ITS WAY DURING A BLIZZARD ON THE SOUTH COAST: It is no secret to Britons that severe weather conditions have recently been experienced throughout the whole country. Even more severe weather has been experienced all over the Continent. Our home weather, however, is subject to Censorship, as the authorities do not wish the enemy to gain any advantage from a knowledge of conditions prevailing in this country. The pictures reproduced here were all taken a few weeks ago, and show how severe were the frosts and snowfalls

AN ESCAPE FROM THE WAR

The Romance of a Peerage: Lord Nuffield's Pedigree: The Year's Rainfall: "Green Peas at Christmas": A Coming Centenary

VOLUME XIII. COMPLETE PEERAGE.—The XIIIth volume of the *Complete Peerage* deserves a special notice. If you have never looked inside this monumental work, begun by Mr. Vicary Gibbs and continued by Mr. Doubleday (with many strong supporters and helpers), you certainly can have no notion of the labour which every page involves before it is passed current as authoritative fact; and you may also petulantly declare: "Fancy publishing or continuing to prepare a *peerage* in war-time like this! Who will ever read a peerage again?"

The answer to *that* criticism is: the *C.P.* is not a "peerage" in the vulgar sense. It is a very important textbook on a number of still very important things, such as our ancient constitution, our judicature, our social history, as well as on genealogy and heraldry, both matters of moment in English history and social evolution. If you take another line of criticism and declare: "What is the good to me in these hard times of an expensive volume which deals with summonses by writ in the fourteenth century and so on?", this particular Volume XIII supplies a complete answer within its covers. For this volume differs from any other published so far, in that it collects and sets forth the salient facts in connection with every peerage created or promoted in the first thirty-eight years of this century. It was a busy period of creations, and it has been the most difficult thing in the world to identify the titles conferred on men whose surnames became more or less well known in the past forty years.

How many correct answers could you give to the following questions in a general knowledge paper? "What is the family name of Lords Windlesham, Rotherham, Hyndley, Southborough, Armaghdale, Strathcarron, Roborough, Glendyne, de Moleyns, Strange of Knockin, Glanely?" Come, be honest. Can you achieve 25 per cent. of correctness? This volume gives you every answer, quickly and clearly, with a wealth of relevant detail as to character and environment. You admit it, and fall back on a second line of criticism. You say: "If this volume deals only with modern peerages, there is no 'romance' in it. It takes two centuries to colour a peerage into 'escape literature' and to give it a flavour of grandfathers' tales."

Page 609 of Volume XIII knocks over that Aunt Sally of criticism. It is an appendix which sets forth the ancestry of Lord Nuffield.

Lord Nuffield's Pedigree.—Lord Nuffield has been a good friend to the *C.P.*, and there was every reason (besides that of sheer romance) in setting forth his pedigree, as also his benefactions. [In sums exceeding £25,000 only, he has already given away nearly £11,000,000—a British record of munificent generosity.] But to his pedigree. It is at once a defence of the science of genealogy and a show-up of the pretensions of a privileged class and a "thirty-two quarterings" mentality.

I do not suppose that young William Morris, when he worked in a bicycle shop at Oxford, when I was idling my time away in that University, thought at all of his ancient line or knew anything of his family tree. No more, I expect, than did young Brassey, when he was working his way up from the engineering shops, take pride in a clear descent from the Norman de Brescys. Yet the Morris family was as old-established an Oxfordshire family of tenant yeomen as any noble house can show, and Lord Nuffield's direct copy-holding forbears can be traced back with more or less authority to the reign of Henry VIII, and probably back to the thirteenth century. From the reign of Elizabeth his pedigree is plain sailing, and the family never moved beyond a horse-ride from Woodstock.

Lord Nuffield's family tree is therefore a vivid chapter of English social history, and his unravelled pedigree is a signal proof of the value of our public records as a source of historical research. I am bound to say that I have found, and continue to find, in this new volume of the *Complete Peerage* as satisfying, instructive and exciting a piece of escape literature as this war has brought me. *Gratias ago.*

THE ELECTION OF SCOTTISH PEERS: The Act of Union with Scotland in 1707 decreed the admission of sixteen representative Peers, elected by their order, to each Parliament. All peers created before 1707 are known as peers of England, and take precedence in their own rank; those created between 1707 and 1800 are termed peers of Great Britain; later creations are peers of the United Kingdom. At every new Parliament the sixteen representative peers of Scotland are elected in Edinburgh. A few days ago this historic ceremony took place in the Picture Gallery of the Palace at Holyrood House, when two new peers were elected to fill vacancies. The *upper picture* shows the following: Lord Rosebery, the Earl of Home, the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Breadalbane, and Lord Elphinstone; the *lower picture* shows Mr. William Mill, Principal Clerk of Session, reading the result of the voting, while the Earl of Mar and Kellie presides behind the Mace

The Year's Rainfall.—Despite a tremendous effort put forth by October and November, the big deficiency in the rainfall for 1940 up to the end of the third quarter was not made good, and the year's average is nearly 5 ins. below the average recorded over the past six years.

The fall for 1940 works out at 32·95 ins. November carries off the honours (if you look at it that way). It produces 9·58 ins. rain, with the highest twenty-four-hour fall of 1·86 ins. October comes second with 4·80 ins. and February third with 4·24 ins.

The driest months were August (·12 ins.) and June (·37 ins.). The highest and lowest falls of the months of the year both have a claim to be listed among the records. The last fortnight of the year was deficient in rain and snow. The autumn, and winter so far, have been remarkable for lack of thick mists and fogs alike on the high and low ground. I should say that the year's average of sunshine was well above the average, and I hope that may have its effect on the nation's health for the rest of the winter. I will make but one countryman's observation: in a year when holly berries were at a premium, my few hollies berried as never before, and were densely red *all the year through.*

"Green Peas at Christmas."—Sir Guy Fleetwood-Wilson, who died the other day at a great age, had a distinguished career and came in for commendation and criticism. I saw him very often, and I do not say that his manner attracted better acquaintance by those who knew him slightly. He had a somewhat repellent manner towards the younger generations and always seemed to suspect them of "regarding their predecessors as old Noodles" and of despising the Victorians.

These sentiments he tersely expressed in his introduction to a charming little memoir of his uncle, Squire ("Gumley") Wilson, a very famous sportsman of his day, who ruined himself and some of his friends by gross extravagance, always aiming at having "green peas at Christmas" and other unseasonable and unreasonable luxuries. (Hence the title of the little memoir.)

"Gumley" Wilson was in the tradition of George Payne, and life was as reckless at Gumley as at Sulby. I recommend anyone who is interested in country life a century and a half ago to get *Green Peas at Christmas*—it was published by Arnold in 1924—and I think he will become absorbed in it. It tells of the days when a country parson could keep seven menservants and nine women servants; when claret was drunk in the nursery; when cavalry messes dined and drank every day from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. behind locked doors (to imprison the faint-hearted), and when men gambled away their estates and ruined their families in a night or by a single throw of dice or turn of card.

Sir Guy pleaded guilty to be *laudator temporis acti.* "Except these wars," I don't think I go with him.

A Centenary of 1941.—This year, towards its end, falls a centenary which, in any circumstances, is of significance to the social historian and in peace-time would fill columns and columns of print in sober journals.

It is the centenary of the birth on November 9, 1841, of Queen Victoria's eldest son. "I *hope* and *pray* he may be like his dearest Papa. He is to be called Albert and Edward is to be his second name"—so the Queen wrote to her uncle, Leopold of the Belgians.

For some of us, no longer young, it is difficult to realise that a century has gone since the birth of that notable man who gave his name to the Edwardian age. Why is his centenary notable in a special degree?

Because of the miraculous contrasts between social and political life during his reign and now. Because his reign ended the "quiet century"; ended the "splendid isolation" of Britain's rôle in Europe and brought us in to the troubles of conflicting continental nations. Because after his death, the whole conception of monarchy, democracy, Empire, society, labour and capital, of the rights and responsibilities and obligations of every class in the State, rapidly and radically altered, until it became fair to say that the Edwardian age is as strange to us as the age of the dodo, and that we retain from it nothing material which links our age with the Edwardian. That is why this centenary would normally (and still may) make a splash next autumn.

J. G.

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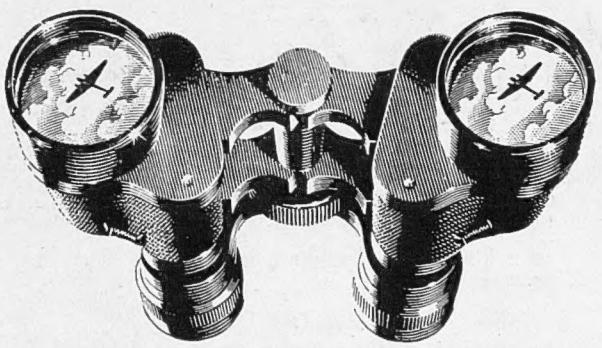

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The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE PASSING OF PATERNOSTER ROW

Thomas Burke's "Streets of London," and Some Reflections on a Bookselling Blitz

MR. THOMAS BURKE begins his preface to THE STREETS OF LONDON (Batsford. 10s. 6d.) with these words: "As the proofs of this book are being passed for press, the streets of London are under bombardment. I write this to the accompaniment of bumps and bangs from the enemy, and the reverberation of our A.A. guns. There are noises of shattered glass. From my window I see a building on fire."

Since then the *Luftwaffe* has rained more and more of its murderous destruction upon that London of which William Dunbar wrote, "Thou art of townes *A per se*; Sovereign of cities, seemliest in sight." The glories of Wren have been reduced to gaping shells and heaps of rubble; the City's famous Halls have been blasted, devastated and gutted; what damage to St. Paul's was saved by an act of epic heroism no one can tell; and even the stuccoed elegancies of Nash lean crazily out of their accustomed symmetry upon gaps where bow windows and balconies once looked out on Regent's Park.

The Streets of London is a timely book. (Being a war production it is printed on a mixture of makeshift paper. But the illustrations are excellent, particularly the coloured prints. War or no war, Messrs. Batsford can still turn out an elegant book.) It begins with: "A broad street of wooden houses, mostly one storey high, without chimneys. Penthouse shops and lines of stalls. The houses were brightly painted. Most of them displayed a gilded pendant sign. At one end was the Standard; in the middle, the Conduit; and at the other end, the Cross, gilded." Cheapside; 600 years ago.

Gaunt, burnt-out skeletons of what were once tall buildings. Inner walls gaping bare to the elements. A mirror, miraculously uncracked: a crazy caricature of a staircase. Diversion. Danger: unexploded bomb. Was *that* the Guildhall? Cheapside to-day.

London has inspired many books. Mr. John Burns is quoted as possessing over three thousand. Even so, Mr. Burke need not be diffident about this one. It is as valuable as it is timely. A deep love of London is inherent in all his work; none better than he could trace its history through its streets. With pages of description as rich and fruity as the life which thronged those streets through the centuries, down to the present day: with apt, and sometimes thrilling, quotations from writers of all periods, from John Lydgate, in his *London Likpenny*, to that neglected and little-known modern classic, *London Street Games* by Norman Douglas; with a fascinating collection of contemporary prints, and, latterly, photographs, Mr. Burke tells a story which will take its place among the best which London has inspired.

On a matter of purely personal interest I was delighted to learn that, in the time of Thomas Dekker, and before, Paternoster Row was "a centre for rosary-makers and text-writers, and is still largely occupied by booksellers." Moreover, it was to that same famous street that Macaulay went to draw £20,000 on account of royalties from his publisher. Bearing in mind the relative value of money and the number of the literate population, with the consequent restriction of market, that is an astounding figure. So, indeed, was Byron's £30,000 for a poem delivered to John Murray.

Paternoster Row; Ave Maria Lane; St. Paul's Churchyard. Booksellers' Row. These are names that have been carried upon the title pages of English books since the art of printing heralded the first best-seller. Stationers' Hall became the meeting place and monument of the trade. London grew; spread. Booksellers appeared in the Strand; in St. James's; in Piccadilly; but the bookseller-publishers continued to flourish in the old quarter of the ancient city and to lay the foundation of some of the famous publishing houses of to-day.

Of all the ancient monuments, of all the living history and tradition which was destroyed in the City of London in a single night of blazing horror, probably the most vital concerned the book trade. Fire and water spells death to books. Many of them can be replaced. Many, alas, can never be. Gone for ever are those records of publishing houses that have made literary history. A basketful of incendiary bombs has made the last entry at Stationers' Hall.

It was in Paternoster Row that the great wholesale bookselling and distributing firm of Simpkin Marshall was housed. That firm alone is reputed to have lost more than three million books in the raid. In the book trade Simpkins occupied a unique position. They were something more than a wholesale distributing house; they were a clearing house for the whole trade in all its multifarious manifestations.

Restive and progressive elements in the trade have often bucked against and sought to change its structure. New methods of selling have sprung up from time to time; high-powered modern advertising has been used to create sporadic best-sellers, but in the main the trade has pursued its steady course within tradition and custom which has not materially changed in succeeding decades.

The contemporary best-seller, about which so much contemporary noise is drummed up, represents but a drop in the ocean of books which is distributed and sold, year in and year out. The oldest, the well-established and the most prosperous publishers and booksellers do not rely upon their current lists for turnover. Their businesses are built upon a solid foundation of well-established titles.

These firms, doing solid business, are the backbone of the book trade. To the progressive elements, their methods have appeared old-fashioned, anachronistic, out-of-date. Reluctantly, from time to time, they have revised their terms, yielded a point or two of custom, and fallen into line with more modern selling and distributive methods. But, on the whole, they have fought a stubborn battle, and, with certain modifications, the structure of the trade has not materially changed in half a century.

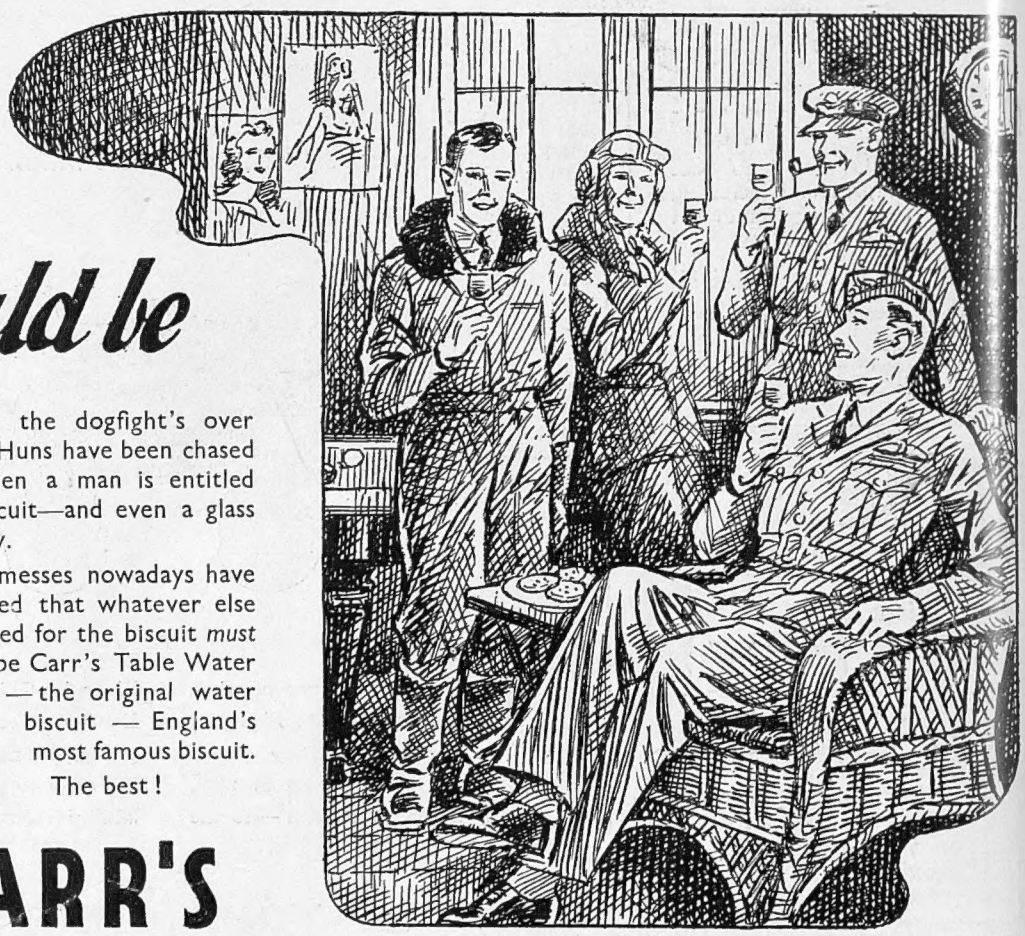
The corner-stone of that structure was Simpkin Marshall. To quote *The Times*, "They were an integral part of book distribution throughout the world, and after the fire every day meant further chaos in the trade."

It only needed a few days of chaos for the publishers to be blitzed into action. It was announced that an "economic realisation committee of the Publishers' Association" would take over the whole of the future business of Simpkin Marshall, starting with no stock and no premises, and that they would organise book distribution to retailers on a co-operative, non-profit-making basis.

It is an interesting reflection that the phœnix which is about to arise from the ashes of Paternoster Row may bear a strong resemblance to something with a Leipzic plumage. For years certain far-sighted people in the book trade (with whom I do not wish to confuse the buccaneering elements referred to above) have sighed enviously over the well-organised German system of book distribution. In this country we appeared to be too determined to preserve the *status quo* of independent trading ever to cut the waste and the cumbersome machinery of an apparently immovably established system.

So, as is right and proper, is bookselling history made in Paternoster Row. That which is lost may be a lamentable sacrifice to the shape of things to come, but just as we dream of a new city which will arise and be worthy of the endurance and courage of the citizens of London, so may we hope that the book trade will divest itself of its Victorian trappings and go forward to a brighter future.

EVERYTHING a Biscuit should be



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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

THERE is life in Bournemouth! Plenty of it, and in spite of her being banned, bombed; and buffeted on December 31 by a nor'-easter which penetrated our marrows, we saw the New Year in with all that traditional friendship and fun in which there was no thought of depression, but a silent determination to resist oppression.

I was glad to have had the opportunity to revisit Bournemouth, because Dame Rumour has been busy, and one has heard a multiplicity of tales, all of which proved to have been dipped in the cauldron of exaggeration.

It is true that for a number of months Bournemouth has been banned to visitors. Every station in the country had publicised the fact that Bournemouth Central and West, Boscombe, Pokesdown, Parkstone, Poole and other stations in and around Bournemouth were out of bounds to all who were not either residents or engaged there in defence duties.

But that ban has been removed. In fact, for many weeks it has not been enforced. One is free to enter once more that land of pines, plentiful shops and hotels, and to winter or reside there with little to fear from high explosive or icy blast.

It would be untrue and misleading to say that Bournemouth is a safe area. She has her battle scars, but so have many of our smallest villages and hamlets.

Bournemouth's only industry of importance is that of hotel-keeping, but the misfortunes of war have made many inroads, and available hotels are restricted.

Many old favourites have been taken over for varying purposes, and we regret the temporary passing of these old friends.

But Bournemouth lives on. There are still a plentiful supply of hotels, both large and small, and my one regret was that in the limited time at my disposal I could but visit a small selection of those hotels still available.

Of course, I cannot be sure that the hotels I did visit will be free from the covetous eyes of Government officials, though I hope that for Bournemouth's sake, and for the contributions they can make to the National Exchequer, that those hotels which do remain are allowed to continue their important calling and so be able to supply an anchorage for the many who have had their own homes and flats made uninhabitable.

Of the more popularly-priced hotels, Bourne Hall makes an admirable wartime and winter residence. It lies well back from the cliff face, ten minutes' good walking, though a level one, if you wish for a sight of the sea. It is conveniently situated for the Square and the shops, for the bus stop is almost outside the front door. Indeed, a few essential shops, such as the post office, chemist, stationer, and so on, are just across the way.

Bourne Hall has other claims to consideration. There is none of that obvious overcrowding that is such a feature of the smaller hotels in Torquay and Cheltenham at the present time. At Bourne Hall there are a plentiful supply of lounges and corridors, well heated, well furnished, and liberally equipped with easy chairs and sofas. There is a reading-, card-, smoking- and billiard-room: the last-named has two excellent tables. The dining-room is capacious and free from smells and stuffiness. Those who have travelled at sea will sense the difference when I say that Bourne Hall is a 17,000-tonner as against smaller hotel craft of 4,000 tons.

There are only two floors and no lift, for the stairs are easily graduated. There is a specially constructed air-raid shelter, entered within the hotel, and finally there is always the personal direction of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bray, who see to it that their house is their home and vice versa.

Another hotel of the popularly-priced type is the five-year-old Majestic, which lies off the East Cliff and again is within easy reach of either sea or shops. It is a pity that such a grandiose name should have been selected for this friendly newcomer, for the word "Majestic" suggests expansiveness and expensiveness; but the Majestic at Bournemouth has only one boast—that of expressing the most recent thought in hotel construction, design, and furnishings.

Practically every bedroom has its bathroom adjoining it. Each is centrally heated. Many have their own little balconies overlooking the surrounding pines. There is a lift for tired feet, a lounge-ballroom, as well as smaller lounges, and a dining-room capacious enough for the size of the hotel.

Although I have neither had a meal there nor slept at the Majestic, it is an hotel that I am well satisfied to recommend at the present time, for it is under the personal management of Miss P. Woolcock, whom many SPHERE readers will remember at Tollard Royal.

There is still open that one hotel on the outskirts of Bournemouth which is in a distinct class by itself. I refer to Canford Cliffs. I cannot recall any other hotel in the country which can be compared with it. Its position is surely unique, overlooking Bournemouth Bay, yet occupying a sheltered position amongst the pines. Built on the lines of a country house, it was positioned to catch the full force of Bournemouth's winter sunshine, and there are often times, even in January, when one can bask outdoors in sheltered nooks. Both within and without, the quality note predominates. Canford Cliffs Hotel attracts only that class of people who appreciate quietude and refinement. These are not days to boast of excellent cuisine, but one can be sure at Canford Cliffs of getting the best available. Shortly before the war a new wing was added, with private suites and a lift, and though it is an hotel which has its cocktail-bar and its ballroom, its principal clientèle are those who are appreciative of peaceful surroundings.

Though Canford Cliffs is some four miles from Bournemouth centre, all the essential shops are within a minute's walk of the hotel, whilst there are a plentiful supply of level walks around. There is also a frequent supply of buses to and from the centre of Bournemouth, whilst for golfers Parkstone Golf Links are but a minute or two's walk from the hotel.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Arethusa boys have done exceedingly well during the year which has just closed, and among the attainments of the year, no fewer than eleven have attained Warrant rank. 1941 augurs well if it goes on as it has commenced, for already two more have written in claiming the Society's award of a sword on such promotions. These Old Boys all say that such achievements would never have been reached had it not been for the initial training received on board the *Arethusa*. Both the Royal and Merchant Navies are needed as much to-day as ever, and boys are clamouring for admission, and as vacancies arise so the places are filled. £65 per boy is a lot of money to have to collect, and it is not easy these days. Would you like to feel you are sharing in this great work? You can, by sending a contribution. Please address your gift: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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Come inside and read the January issue . . .

ONE could not wonder—at any rate, nobody did wonder—that Cheng should have been smitten by Rosie, since Rosie was a rare item in the London scene. One can go about London all day for a week and seldom see a living creature. Millions of animated phantoms pass along, but only when one of the Rosies flashes by does one realise the meaning of being alive. Rosie was unmistakably alive. She was alive in eyes, fingers, brow, shoulders, and shoes, and in the electric frisk of her frock and her hair. Even when standing still she seemed to be dancing, and in movement she was a stream of golden rain. No wonder, then, that when she answered his humble and reverent invitation by saying "What next?" and then adding—well, perhaps she might; she 'd see how she felt; it might be a bit of fun; no wonder he seemed to be knocked off the perch of life on which he had so precarious a footing. No wonder that he was apparently so bemused and distracted by those casual words that he went and bought three hundred paper roses to garnish his dwelling for her delight.

But Sway Lim was right. Cheng did not know his Rosie, or any other girl. And when the story, spread by Sway Lim, came to her that afternoon, she said, "What!" in such a tone that if Cheng had heard it, even his slow mind might have gathered that all was not well. Decorating the front of his house, in *her* honour, with *paper* roses!

Roses Round the Door
by Thomas Burke.

• • •

The Knitting Section is a regular feature. Here are TWO of the new designs in the January issue.

It was customary at that time for rulers to grant the headship of nunneries to women of noble birth; and it often happened that they were chosen from among certain ladies who would be better out of the way.

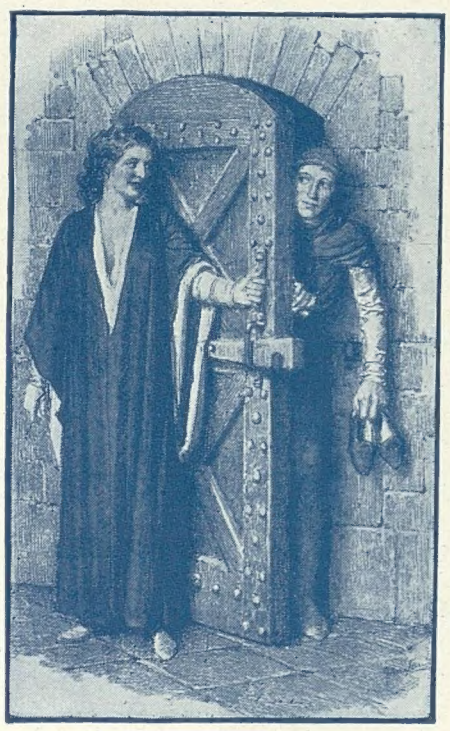
They were not sent there to expiate their past by a life of religious piety. On the contrary, they were given free rein, and but for the high morals of the rest of the inmates, these holy places would soon have earned for themselves quite a different name.

It was as the head of a convent that Eadburga was placed by Charlemagne.

Her exceptional learning was probably her only qualification, and it was certainly the only redeeming feature of such an appointment. But the teaching she could impart was unfavourably counterbalanced by the bad example she set in her mode of life.

Nature, like the leopard, does not change its spots; and the amorous disposition of this woman, born for a life of sensual ease and pleasure, soon found a way to open her cell to an ardent lover. This lover was a countryman of hers, and their meetings were so scandalously frequent that, despite the eminence of her position, Eadburga's conduct was reported to the Emperor.

"Queen Eadburga of Wessex"
Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

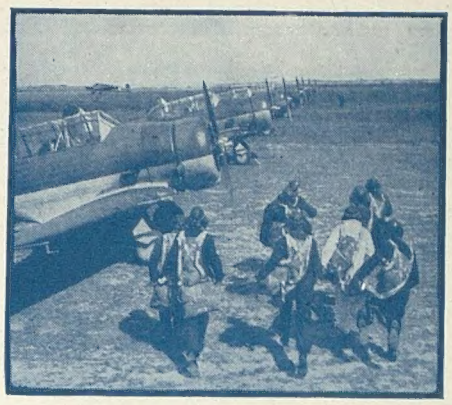


Some of the contents of the JANUARY issue which will interest the practical woman

"NEW YEAR OUTLOOK"—By Louisa Kay.
"CHECK UP ON YOUR LOOKS"—By Chrysis.
"CLOTHES WITH A FUTURE"—Fashions by Jean Burnup.
"WITH NO APOLOGIES"—By Winifred Lewis, whose writings are of interest to every homelover.
"LUNCH IN THE OFFICE"—Cookery Feature by Harriet Muir.
"PURCHASE TACTICS"—By Mary Young.
"HOUSE HOROSCOPE."
"ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT."

All the family will enjoy

"THE GREEKS MEET"—By Arthur Mills.
"LOVE CAN BE WONDERFUL"—By Peter Cheyney.
"A MATTER OF PERSUASION"—By Stanley Jackson.
"TORPEDOED"—By G. Purssey Phillips.
"THE WINGED BOMB"—By C. Patrick Thompson.
"MIDDLE SEA"—By C. Fox Smith.
BOOKS:—Reviewed by Noel Thompson.



The squadron leader to whom I was talking in the mud was one of the flying instructors, some of them sergeants, others flying officers and flight lieutenants. They have an average of eight pupils each, four at a time. Promptly at 1.45 p.m. the pupils report at their respective flight on the edge of the great field. Here are the machines, and the tents where they receive their instructions, corrections, and sign the authorisation book, which is the official record of the work done in the air.

These are tremendous moments for the beginner. He is about to take up his first monoplane, and on his performance in the first few days may really depend whether or not he is made an officer, a sergeant, or just a civilian again. This is a stern business. If a man is backward in flying sense, there is no time nowadays to nurse him. He is going to be a fighter pilot—or nothing.

"Let me see now," says the squadron leader, "you, Smith, you've had your cockpit drill, haven't you? Yes, well, come on . . . we 'll take 7045."

Cockpit drill is the method by which the pupil is made spontaneously familiar with the various controls.

"I notice that you call them 'machines,'" I said. "You don't use any of the old R.F.C. slang?"

"No," said the squadron leader seriously. "We call them 'machines' or just 'aircraft.'"

But twenty minutes later he was referring, I noticed, to an obsolete type as a "ropy crate"; the Royal Air Force guards its jargon jealously.

Pupil and instructor crawled into the bright yellow "Harvard" and in a few seconds, with an ear-splitting roar unique in modern navigation, the American machine was shooting across the field and into the air. Five minutes later it was down again.

If you have a friend in the R.A.F., you will find "Training the Fighter Pilots" intensely interesting.

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A SHILLING IS ALL YOU NEED PAY FOR THIS MOST ENTERTAINING MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN TO-DAY . . .

BRITANNIA AND EVE

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